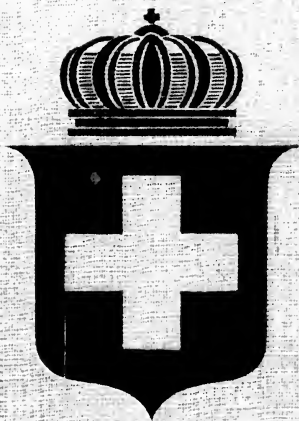


CONSTANTINE BY GEORGE HORTON



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CONSTANTINE



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A Tale of Greece under
King Otho

BY
GEORGE HORTON

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE LOWLY"; "IN UNKNOWN
SEAS"; "APHROESSA"



CHICAGO
WAY AND WILLIAMS

1897



DEDICATED
TO
MRS. JAMES W. SCOTT



NOTES.

Page 21. "*Three terrible Old Women.*" *The Three Fates, universally believed in by the common people of Greece.*

Page 22. "*Koumbare.*" *Vocative case of Koumbaros, the "Best Man" at a wedding or at the baptism of an infant; a relationship considered more sacred in Greece than that of blood.*

Page 23. "*Wrestling with Charon.*" *Struggling with death. In the death agony.*

Page 24. "*How bitter a thing is death,*" etc. *Translated from popular Greek song.*

Page 25. "*Barbandone.*" *Uncle Anthony. Anthony would not have been called "Barba" till he was over forty years of age. To save confusion in the minds of the English reader, I have called him Barbandone all through.*

Page 29. "*Church of the Wilderness.*" *Little churches are built in lonely places in Greece and called "Churches of the Wilderness."*

Page 32. *This Moerologian, or Death Song, is one that I actually heard. I have translated it as best I could.*

Pages 41, 42. "*Yaourtí.*" *Klabbered goat's or sheep's milk. "Halva" and "Loukoumi," sweet-meats.*

Page 43. "*Kuria.*" *Mrs.*

Page 50. "*Nounos.*" *Godfather.*

Page 51. "*Palikari.*" *Hero.*

Page 54. "*Papas.*" *Priest.*

Page 56. *Vampires are much dreaded by the common people of Greece. Priests frequently perform ceremonies for the "laying of Vampires." Then the flesh instantly decomposes, and the rustic listening at the grave hear the bones rattle together in the bottom of the coffin.*

Page 59. "*Zetos.*" "*Long Live.*"

Page 59. *Match-making is a recognized profession in Greece.*

Page 74. *Greek cisterns are built with a smaller reservoir at the bottom for receiving the deposit.*

Page 84. "*Anezaki.*" *Little Aneza.*

Page 90. "*Eat Wood.*" *Get a whipping.*

Page 92. "*Palikaraki.*" *Little palikari.*

Page 96. "*Kurios.*" *Mr.*

Page 97. "*Panageia.*" *All holy one; the Virgin.*

Page 118. *These two stories, and many others, are told of "Our Lady of Miracles" of Tenos.*

Page 119. *This story is related of an Athenian student in one of the American colleges.*

Page 194. "*Proeka.*" *Dot; dowry.*

Page 194. "*Parades.*" *Money.*

Constantine

Chapter I

THE little town of Poros sits by a lake of the sea, which is bounded by the curving shores of the Peloponnesus on one side and the ancient isle of Calabria on the other.

To reach Poros from Athens, you rise at four o'clock in the morning, and hurry through the cool twilight streets to catch the first train for the Piræus.

Early as it is, Greek life is already astir. Swarthy servant-girls are sweeping dust from the sidewalks with short brooms, and the *saleppi* men have been on the corners for an hour or more. These latter preside over great *samovars* filled with a sweetish liquid, which they sell, smoking hot, at a halfpenny the cup.

"C-r-r-r!" That purring sound is a fruit

or vegetable seller telling his donkey to stop. He has seen the head of a possible purchaser in an upper window. "M-h-h-h!" The little animal starts as though roused from slumber and proceeds on his way.

Do not flatter yourself that you are entitled to any credit for having arisen at four.

Numerous market-boys toiling through the streets with well-filled baskets strapped to their backs prove that the Greek gentlemen are already at the market, and are sending home their purchases.

You reach the Station ere day has dawned, and stand for a moment on the platform, gazing at a great star that shines with defiant brightness.

Then comes the noisy half-hour rush through the olive groves and vineyards of the Attic plain, and the scramble to get on board the dilapidated little Greek steamer advertised to sail exactly at seven.

Once safely on the deck, you wait a full two hours while small boats come leisurely from the wharf, rowed by piratical-looking but good-natured Greeks. And how those boats are laden! Islanders in picturesque

and varied costume; animated sacks that tumble aimlessly about, and give forth squeals of the pigs confined within; old women with families of chickens tied by the legs; girls with affectionate goats, that bleat in human tones whenever their mistresses step for a moment away; bundles, baskets, and queerly shaped wine-jars innumerable. Finally you start, and if the weather be favourable, what a delightful journey you have!

Scarcely are you out of the harbour before Psyttaleia is seen, that small barren island on which Xerxes landed a detachment of choice Persian youth just before the battle of Salamis. They were to destroy such Grecian ships as might be forced ashore during the engagement. As you look, Aristides seems to land again with his body of Hoplites. There is a short struggle. The Persians run to and fro in terror, or cry for mercy in a strange tongue. Soon they are all slain, and the Hoplites strip them of their armour and golden ornaments. A lighthouse stands on Psyttaleia now, and you can easily imagine it a monument of the great naval battle. As you skirt the shores of Salamis you are struck

with its barren aspect. Perhaps, if your mind still dwells on Xerxes and his fortunes, you wonder if anything remains of the two hundred and more ships sunk on the day of his defeat. The water is so clear you almost fancy that, were you sailing through the Strait, you could see metallic prows, breast-plates, shields, and helmets lying there on the bottom. You even wonder if you should be able to pick out the ruins of the Carian trireme sunk by Queen Artemisia.

At Ægina the steamer stops for a moment well out to sea, while sailboats flit forth from the white town for possible freight. How dexterously they are managed, and what a commotion their arrival creates! Every Greek on board—captain, crew, and passengers—shouts advice while the loading continues, and each word uttered is emphasized with a gesture. A pillar of Aphrodite's ancient temple is visible from the deck, as well as a new Christian church. One is discouraged when he reflects that the old edifice of worship was chastely beautiful, while the modern is an architectural nightmare. The last point of interest before arriving at Proso

is Methana, whose sulphur-baths were celebrated in antiquity, and about whose shores the sharks lay in wait for those bathers who plunged into the sea to rid themselves of the sulphur.

As you approach the harbour of Poros, its narrow mouth is not visible, and the sturdy steamer seems about to plunge into the rocky hills that lift in front. But she makes a turn and finds herself in the Strait; and, as you wind your way along, the orange and lemon groves of the Peloponnesus unfold before you like veritable gardens of the Hesperides. Higher up, innumerable olive-trees cover the hill-slopes with their feathery frondage, and back of all, the mountains rear their eternal buttresses. Suddenly, at the left, Poros breaks upon the sight like a fairy town, with its quaint houses of snowy whiteness, perched one above the other up the side of a precipice. At the farther end of the harbour another watery lane leads out into the great sea beyond—the great sea, whose long swells throb away to the shores of distant continents more or less mythical to the Porote. For is not his world surrounded by mountains? In

any direction that he looks he beholds a circling wall of gigantic hills, which bound his ocean, his city, his ambitions, his life. Sometimes, when the wind is high, the Poriote listens to the vast roar of the waters behind the hills, and says, "The waves are running high to-night." Then he looks at the calm surface of his own little lake and rejoices that he is not of the great bustling world.

The town itself is situated on a tiny peninsula. To reach the Poriote's mainland, or continent, you cross a narrow isthmus of white sand and come to the island of Calabria, which sent out a colony in old times to Italy. Strangely enough, Greek is still spoken in Italian Calabria, though it is spelled there with Latin letters. On this mainland you may make two excursions—one to the monastery, with its quiet cloister, famous spring, and Homeric kitchen; the other to the site of the ancient city and the Temple of Poseidon, under the shadow of whose pillars Demosthenes breathed out his soul from his poison-racked body, gazing with dying eyes towards Attica, whose soil not even the charm of his eloquence could save from the foot of the

traitor and the tyrant. It is pleasant to reflect that nowhere on earth exists a sublimer prospect of the sea than those island-girt patches shining far below the Temple of Poseidon.

But the Poriote has also other diversions. He can cross over to the peninsula of Argolis in a boat, giving the sturdy rowers the just Charon's fee of one penny, and can walk to the site of the ancient city of Troezen. He can go also to the Devil's Bridge, an arch of early masonry spanning a frightful chasm, in whose bed boils and gurgles a stream of clear blue water. During the summer this rivulet tumbles in long, thin cataracts over high rocks, spreads out in glittering sheets on the clean sand, or collects in deep cool basins at whose sides one might imagine another Narcissus pining away in despairing love of his own girl-like beauty. Here, curtained with overhanging moss, are dim caverns which the simple shepherd-folk people with nereids, lineal descendants of the water-nymphs of old. In earliest spring sweet flowers bloom in Argolis—the shy and fragrant violet, the exquisite heliotrope, the gaudy anemone, and

shrubs covered with pink and white bloom. But most beautiful of all, and dearest to the heart of the Greek, is the almond-tree, that in February banks the hillsides with patches of flowery snow. If one wishes, he may take a sailboat and flit out through the southern mouth of Poros Bay, and turning soon to land, draw up the prow on the shelly sand, under the very spot so loved and so often visited by King Otho and sweet Queen Amalie. The old boatmen still remember the first king of modern Greece. High up on the mountain-side is a spot shaded by large trees and refreshed by a spring. The upward climb is difficult, and your boatman, if he is old enough, will tell you how easily Amalie used to make the ascent, well-nigh impossible to the degenerate women of to-day.

The effect upon the sensibilities of a few days' residence in Poros is peculiar. One is so shut off for the time being from the vastness of the world, from the dimness of far horizons, from the vagueness of distant mountains, from the beckoning of limitless seas, that the passage outward through the little Strait seems like the emergence from time

into eternity. Yet what need have the Poriotas ever to quit the shores of their tiny lake? The sun shines warm there in winter, and the sea-breeze blows fresh and fragrant all the summer long. They have everything that mortals need; grandeur of mountains, beauty of stars, fruitfulness of flowering vale and hillside, and variety of the inconstant sea. Then the rising of the moon, night after night, from behind the mountain wall, is a scene of endless delight—each time slightly differing in shape and hour of rising, yet always seeming to leap suddenly from the hill-tops, and to gaze with wonder down upon the white town snuggled in this cup of earth. How suddenly, too, she pours the cup full of golden light! When one has nothing else to talk of at Poros he can discuss with some friend the question: Which is more beautiful there, the rising or the setting of the sun? As for me, I prefer the latter, because the sun goes down behind the Sleeping Woman, that sublime mountain which God hewed in the beginning in the form of a dreaming giantess. How placidly she lies! The knees drawn reposefully up, the head thrown back in utter

abandonment of rest, the noble face turned heavenward with closed eyes. Old, crude nations have come and passed away while she had been sleeping for a thousand years; the dawn of tradition blazed into the noonday of history, and she did not awaken; long centuries of yearning for the beautiful brought exquisite arts into perfect bloom, and she still slept on. Who knows of what she is dreaming? One thing only is certain—when the sun has but just disappeared behind those cold, placid features they take on a softer look, an expression of benign, celestial dignity, of unutterable beauty.

The people that I know best in Poros are the Doctor, Aleko, and the old sea-captain, all pure Greeks, such as one can hardly meet in that Frenchy capital, Athens. The two former are always on the wharf when the steamer comes in, and they greet the visitor from Athens as though he had unexpectedly arrived from another world. Aleko is an ancient Greek come down to these days from the time of Lucian. He speaks his native tongue with great eloquence and perfection,

and is a purist in the use of it. Much of the day he spends across the Strait in his orange grove, alone, save for the society of his fowls, that follow him about with evidences of affection surprising in such silly birds. There, amid the date-trees and clambering rose-bushes, he has built him a little study, tastefully furnished, and overflowing with books. Besides the Classics, one finds there Bikelas's translation of Shakespeare, Goethe's Faust, Poe's Tales, and many other masterpieces, all admirably done into modern Greek. I see him now as I write, small of stature and dark of face, æsthetic, noble-minded, excitable, patriotic. The ardent dream of his life is to be in the front ranks when the Greeks retake Constantinople ; and if the army consisted of such patriots as he, it would start for the Macedonian frontier to-morrow.

The old sea-captain was a trusty follower of King Otho. He dresses still as when in the service, and uses as frequently as possible the few German words that he still remembers. When sober, he talks in a gruff voice of King Otho's virtues; when made romantic by drink,

he punctuates his meditative silence by sighs emitted at regular intervals, and exclamations of "Ah, beautiful Queen Amalie !"

The Doctor is the Marco Polo of the place. He goes to Athens about once every quarter, and returns with whistled reminiscences of the latest airs, and with greetings and gifts from old-time Poriotés, not seen by their friends for many years. Often have I sat in the little café by the seashore, and looked through the dingy window while the raindrops pimpled the harbour, and the waters crept over the pier almost to the door. There, while the narghiles bubbled soothingly, and the Turkish coffee filled the room with its aroma, have I told of the wonders of New York and Chicago, and listened in turn to tales of Greek life.

I first saw Constantine at the Poros monastery. Aleko, the Doctor, and I were taking our coffee under the great oak-tree, and were gazing silently at the Strait, glimmering like a mirror, far below, in the rays of the afternoon sun. Suddenly the figure of a man, tall, bent, and old, shuffled by us. His clothing was ragged, and hung loosely about his shrivelled limbs. He wore a brimless felt hat, drawn up

to a peak in the crown, like a fool's cap. In each hand was an earthen jar, and he was on his way to the spring for water for the monks. His slippers slapped against his soles as he walked, and he was muttering to himself. "Poor fellow!" I ejaculated in my own tongue, for a sense of pity seized me; and the influence of the sea and the mountains was swept away in a moment. The Doctor did not understand the words, but the tone was not lost upon him. "Constantine!" he called, and the human wreck approached. The Doctor repeated the first line of a little poem by Heine, and paused. Constantine recited the next line of the quatrain mechanically, but broke off in the middle of the third, and recommenced his rambling. "Constantine!" said the Doctor again, sharply, and the experiment was repeated with another poem from German literature, with the same result. Finally, the wreck drank the dregs in each of our coffee-cups, picked up his water-jugs, and shuffled away, mumbling as he went.

A human mind in ruins is always the most pitiable spectacle in the world; but this ruin, for some reason or other, saddened me inde-

scribably. I looked enquiringly at my friends. "Love," said the Doctor laconically, in Greek.

"Love and betrayed friendship," added Aleko; "but the Captain knows the story better than any of us. Let him tell us this evening at the café."

The story that the Captain told, with the addition of other information obtained at Athens, forms the basis of this truthful tale.

Chapter II

In the fall of 1835 a three-masted schooner was daintily picking her way through the Cyclades. In general appearance she did not differ much from hundreds of other Greek vessels which at that time were enriching their owners in the ports of France, Russia, and Germany, and even in those of distant England. But our story begins on her deck ; and as far as two human beings were concerned, she represented the consummation of long-cherished plans. Every plank in her sides had been talked of long before they were fitted into place, and her white sails had often gleamed on the seas of youthful fancy. She was the realization of a boyish dream, and had been built by two young friends, whose love was so great that they had always addressed each other by the endearing term of "brother." The schooner's name, inscribed upon her stern in classic letters, bore testimony to this

friendship. She was known as the *Two Brothers*.

The *Two Brothers* was painted green. She was 109 feet long and 27 feet amidships. She had been built in Syra, of Russian timber, and the beams that strengthened her roomy hold were stout as the ribs of a giant. In front of her foremast was the hand-engine for lowering and raising the anchor. This was worked by long iron handles, which, when fitted in the sockets, curved outward to the edges of the deck on either side. These same handles also served for the pump, a double-barrelled affair behind the mainmast. Directly back of the foremast was the kitchen, which was little else than a wooden box, high enough for a man to stand in comfortably, and sufficiently large for him to turn round in, after making allowance for the space occupied by the cooking-place. This latter was neither stove, oven, nor fireplace, in the ordinary sense of those words, but was merely an altar of solid brick masonry, built up to about four feet in height. On top, in the centre, a depression had been dug, in which charcoal was fanned into a blaze by means of a broom,

when such an article existed, or failing this, an old hat. Over this aperture, when the coals were alive, an iron grate would be laid, on which meat was broiled, or a pot set for boiling beans and salads. If the truth must be told, the black iron pot figured on the fire more often than the lamb-chop or spring chicken, for the diet of the Greek sailor consists largely of bread and huge quantities of boiled greens, anointed with rancid olive-oil and lemon-juice. When greens are unobtainable, beans usually take their place. The interior of the kitchen was adorned with ridges and stalactites of creosote, and on the walls hung various long-handled implements for the making of black coffee, and for other culinary purposes. There was no outlet for the smoke except the door, and the sailor who performed the duties of cook had gradually assumed an appearance which would have done credit to Old Sooty himself. As often as the smoke within became unendurable, the sailor rushed choking from the door. When he washed his face and hands, which he did not do over once a week, a veritable transformation took place.

Well aft was the captain's cabin, ten feet by eight square, and just high enough for a tall man to stand in. The furniture consisted of a table and four wooden chairs. On the walls hung a barometer, a little clock, and the inevitable picture of Saint Nicholas—a benevolent-faced and heavily bewhiskered personage to whom the Greek sailor looks for special aid and protection. In cold weather an iron stove about the size of a milk-pail roared away merrily in the cabin, and warmed both this apartment and the sleeping-room, which latter was barely large enough to hold a bunk on either side. These luxurious quarters were lighted by a single small window, opening into the dining-room. Here the two friends and partners had been wont to partake of their homely sailors' fare together, or to sip their resin wine and smoke innumerable cigarettes, while planning future voyages, or talking over boyhood days in the isle of Poros.

The crew lived upon deck, and even slept there, except in very cold weather, when they spent the night in small bunks, also built aft.

Before finishing our description of the

Two Brothers, we must not forget the figure-head, which was naught else than Nicholas himself, crudely done in wood, and looking benevolently down upon those waters over which he was supposed to exert so benign an influence. Indeed, the safety with which the gallant schooner outrode the severest weather, and the luck of her commercial ventures, were attributed to the guardian care of the saint—a trust which he has not even yet abandoned, for she is still defying the waves, and may be seen occasionally in the harbour of the Piræus to this day.

At the time of which we write, the *Two Brothers* had been absent for nearly a year's cruise, visiting ports of the Black Sea and the Danube for the purpose of selling a cargo of Greek products, consisting of olive-oil, wine, silks, and so forth. She was now returning to the Piræus, laden with Russian wheat. Thus far, all had gone well on the cruise. The original cargo had been sold at a profit, and the good ship had been attended on her return voyage by fair winds and pleasant seas. She was now off the western coast of the Isle of Andros. Another day or two at

most, and the southern point of Attica would be passed, and not long after the hill of Lycabettos would move into view, like an island floating in the mist.

But alas! now when the goal was so nearly reached, one of the two friends had been taken suddenly and seriously ill. There was no doctor on board, not even one of those old women in whose incantations and herb concoctions the ignorant Greek places so much confidence. A sailor, who claimed an amateur knowledge of medicine, had bled the unfortunate man, and had brewed him a hot drink of some magic plant gathered at the right phase of the moon. Incense had also been burned before the picture of St. Nicholas, but to no avail. The sufferer grew worse and worse. He was lying upon the deck, wrapped in blankets, looking between the white sails at the whiter clouds drifting in the heavens far above.

"Spiridon," said he, in a husky voice, to his partner, who knelt beside him; "I believe I'm dying."

"Bah, bah, bahl!" replied the other; "what are you saying?"

"I feel weaker and weaker every minute. Besides, I had such a horrible dream just now. I thought I was on a steep, lonely mountain, and there, in a cave, I saw three terrible old women. The wind blew their thin grey hair about their heads, and their backs were bent, but their eyes blazed like lightning. They all pointed their fingers at me and shrieked, 'He shall never see Poros any more. The flowers shall bloom there in the springtime, but his Maroula, the fairest flower of all, shall wither away because he does not come.' Oh! it was horrible!"

And the sick man shivered as with a chill.

"You must n't mind the dream. These are childish fancies that we learned when boys, and they come into your head because you are weak. Be quiet now, and I'll make you a cup of coffee. Courage, courage!"

Spiridon hastened away to the kitchen. After a few moments he returned, walking gingerly, and holding in each hand a steaming cup of Turkish coffee.

"Here, my brother, drink this," he said, placing one of the cups on the deck and

offering the other. "It'll warm you up, and make you feel better."

"It's no use," replied Loukas, for such was the sick man's name. "I'm sure my time has come. Oh! it's hard to think I'll never see my Maroula any more! Do you remember how sweet she looked that night, with the orange wreath about her brow! How she blushed, and how her eyes shone! Do you know how beautiful her eyes are? But you can't know. Nobody but me can know that. They look into mine so tenderly when I go away, so joyfully when I come back. You'll protect her and care for her when I'm gone, won't you, Koumbare? She has no relatives — no one but me, you know."

"Courage, brother, courage," said Spiridon; "don't give way like this. You're not going to die. Make up your mind to live, and you will. Just keep thinking about Maroula, and you'll pull through. She's waiting for you, and the wind is fair."

Loukas lifted one feeble hand, and pulling his partner closer to him, whispered something in his ear. In reply, Spiridon motioned away the two or three sailors who were stand-

ing near. Then the man who was to live for years bent with his ear close to the face of the man whose minutes were numbered, and listened.

When Spiridon rose to his feet again, his countenance bore an expression of mingled wonder and doubt. He walked to the rail, crossing himself as he went, and looked into the sea. For a long time he stood thus, meditating, while the mellow sun slid down the western sky.

"Can it be true? or is his mind wandering?" he muttered many times. He started like a guilty man when an old sailor touched him on the arm.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Spiridon sharply.

"Your pardon, Capitane," replied the sailor, "but I think he is wrestling with Charon."

Spiridon hurried to Loukas's side, and found him actually in the throes of death. "Loukas! Loukas!" he called several times, but Loukas answered not. For one moment a look of intelligence lit up the glazing eyes, and the white lips moved in a vain effort to

speaking. The limbs shivered faintly, and all was over.

Spiridon removed his hat and crossed himself, and all the members of the crew, seeing the action, understood its meaning, and did likewise.

"How bitter a thing is death!" said he. "Where he finds two, he carries away one; where three, he seizes two; and where one alone, him he does not spare. He is unyielding, he is blind. He takes the mother, even though she has a babe at the breast; he takes the sister from the brother; he takes the husband of the newly wedded bride. May I be buried alive, my brother, if I do not do unto yours as though they were my own!"

Spiridon closed the eyes of his dead friend, and crossed the hands tenderly upon the breast, after which he called four sailors, who carried the body into the cabin, and laid it gently upon the floor, with the head to the east. Rough men though they were, wild and uncouth-looking in the uncertain light, they dragged their hats from shaggy heads and crossed themselves reverently. When they had gone from the bare and narrow

room, Spiridon took his own heavy capote from his shoulders and laid it over the dead form, after which, in default of candles, he lit a lantern and set it at the head. Then calling a sailor, he bade him stay in the room with the body, while he walked aft to the seaman at the wheel.

This latter was a young man, but he was from Andros, and knew well every dangerous rock about his native isle, as well as every quiet bay in which a ship might safely come to anchor.

"You are an Andriote, Barbandone," said the Captain; "is there not a little Church of the Wilderness near here somewhere?"

"Certainly, certainly," cried Barbandone with animation; "it overlooks the sea from the top of a steep cliff. If he is still alive, the monk, old Papa Demetrius, lives alone in it."

"Can you take the ship there? and can we reach the church from the shore?" asked Spiridon.

"Certainly, certainly. There is a beautiful bay, with a long, moon-shaped beach. I know the place well. A path leads through

Solon's vineyard, and then up a ravine, and finally around the hill to the church itself. We can be there by midnight."

"Let us go, then," said Spiridon.

As Barbandone had prophesied, the schooner came to anchor shortly after midnight in a semi-circular bay, at the foot of a cliff. The moon was riding round and high in the cloudless heavens, and its light fell full upon the little house of God, perched on the rock, far above the sailors' heads. The entire crew stood in a group on the deck.

"Papa Demetri! Papa Demetri!" called Barbandone lustily many times, but no answer came from above.

"The church is empty," said Spiridon; "the old eagle has left his nest."

"Let us try once more," urged Barbandone, bringing an old-fashioned gun from his berth and discharging it. Very loud and strange sounded the report in the silent night, and two or three startled echoes called to each other among the distant hills.

"Hallo!" shouted a faint voice, seemingly from the clouds; "who is that down there in the shadow? and what do you want?"

They looked up. There stood the old priest on the edge of the precipice, his form clearly outlined in the overflowing moonlight. His long hair blew about his shoulders, and his venerable beard broke in a cataract upon his breast. His body was clad in a long casock, tied about the waist with a rope.

"It is I," shouted the helmsman, putting up his hands trumpet-wise; "I, Barbandone, son of old Vasili of Batse."

"God bless you, my son," floated down in a thin voice, as if from heaven; "and God bless all the good Christians with you."

"We have work for you," cried Spiridon. "Rest quiet; we are coming up." Then, turning to the crew, he explained for the first time: "Our brother, before he died, made me promise that he should have Christian burial, and that he should lie in the solid earth. None of his family sleep in the sea. His father, and his grandfather before him, rest among the rocks at Poros; and it is not good that he should drift alone among the wandering waves. Let us carry him to the church."

The body was brought out, put in the boat, and rowed to shore. There it was laid on a

blanket in lieu of a bier. Six sailors seized this by the corners and the two sides, and with heads uncovered the entire distance the rude procession wound its way to the church. Over the level sand they went, snow-white in the rays of the old Greek moon, and the flat cuttlefish bones crunched under their feet, through Solon's vineyard and his olive orchard on the hill-slope, and then into the long ravine that by day blazed with oleander flowers. When the ravine flattened out and lost itself in the mountain side, they followed the winding footpath worn by many worshippers, coming at last to the summit of the precipice, and the little church. This edifice was built of stone, and was very tiny indeed—not large enough to hold more than a dozen people in comfort. In the rear a holy of holies had been partitioned off, before the door of which hung a cheap calico curtain. On the wall was an altar and a picture of the Virgin painted on a piece of board about four inches square. The features were nearly obliterated, as if by exposure to the elements—for was not this same Virgin found by a shepherd-youth on the very spot where the

church now stands? Old Papa Demetri lived alone in the church, and slept on its earthen floor. A very holy man was he. Years ago he retired to a convent, in order that, far from the distracting affairs of men, he might fix his mind on things spiritual. But even in the convent he found a human community, with its jealousies and hates, its petty ambitions and disappointments. So he hung his little bundle over his shoulder on a staff, and hurried away by night to the Church of the Wilderness as soon as it was built. Right fortunate was he, too, for ere morning three other priests had pushed open the door and gone away disappointed at finding the lonely dwelling inhabited. Here indeed could the priest's soul grow. No sordid cares had he, for his bread and wine were brought to him by the simple island folk, and the ever-varying yet unchangeable sea filled his mind with thoughts of the Infinite.

"God bless you, my children," said Papa Demetri again, as the procession halted before the church. "Lay your burden down within. It is fit that a Christian should set forth to his last resting-place from the house of God.

But have we wine here in which to wash the body?" continued he, after the questions concerning the dead man's orthodoxy had been satisfactorily answered. As if in reply, Spiridon produced a large bottle of wine, which he had brought from the ship, and poor Loukas's best clothes tied up in a winding-sheet. The last-mentioned article had been found among the sailor's effects — a provision for Christian burial in case of sudden death abroad.

"Thou wert his nearest friend," said the priest. Accordingly, Spiridon went in, washed the body in wine, wrapped the winding-sheet about it, and put the suit of best clothing on over all.

Then the venerable father produced four candles, which were lighted, and set two at the head and two at the feet. While this was going on a faint halloo was heard far down the mountain side, and ere long Barbandone, whose absence had not been noticed, came up. He was supporting an old woman, who dropped his arm as soon as she had gained the summit, and leaning both her wrinkled hands upon a short staff, looked about her.

She was very aged, and every passing year had left its furrow on her yellow face. She was clad in black, and wore a black handkerchief over her head. Her hair was unkempt and grey, but her dark eyes gleamed with unquenched youth.

“I have brought old Mother Maria,” explained Barbandone, “the most famous mœrologist on the island. She lives in a little cabin on Solon’s place.”

Old Mother Maria seated herself on a stool by the corpse, and commenced to rock slowly to and fro, groaning lugubriously the while. About her in the crowded church, and leaning through its door, stood the rough, hairy sailors, bareheaded. As the old woman continued to rock, her grief increased, and her uncouth listeners became visibly affected. Suddenly she broke out in fierce denunciation of the dead man, demanding,—

“What right had you to die, far from your home, and leave thus your young wife and the friends of your youth? What wrong have you suffered that you should treat all who are dear to you in this shameful way?”

Continuing, she assumed the character of

the wife in lamentation and praise of the deceased, and of the husband in reply. All this was delivered in a wild, monotonous key, and in a voice inexpressibly sad. It is impossible to give a correct idea of a *mœrologion* in another tongue, because much that impresses the simple-minded hearer as pathetic seems ridiculous in a translation to the cultivated reader. The following lines will perhaps give an imperfect idea of old Maria's impromptu song. Doggerel in Greek, it can be nothing better than doggerel in English. The reader must try to put himself in the place of the old woman's ignorant hearers, and to imagine himself in the little church, with the body of Loukas actually before him.

[*The Wife.*]

Up to the sky I'd like to fly, and there so humbly
sitting,
On paper white thy praises write, no single one
omitting.
Up to the sky I'd like to fly, and tell my mournful
story:
We'd see why thou deniest me, my darling man,
my Glory.
I liken thee, my husband, to a stately tree in
measure,

That groweth in the garden where the Queen doth
take her pleasure.

If but the hills would lower, like the light would I
dart over,

And fall upon the eyes and the eyelids of my
lover.

Thou wast a windowed tower and a casket decked
the rarest,

Amid thy goodly brothers thou wast stateliest and
fairest.

My beauteous flower, my darling bird, to foreign
countries winging,

The foreign land hath ruined thee : how sad is now
my singing.

This day is black, this day the skies are by the
light forsaken,

This day when father from his child so cruelly is
taken.

Charon himself deserves to die, two silver swords
should smite him ;

He separateth man and wife, and mother's tears
delight him.

My Orange and my Mousmoula, in widowhood I'll
tarry ;

Yes, all my life I'll wait for thee, and never, never
marry.

I'll wander up the mountain side; perhaps the
wolves will lend me

Some plant, that if I eat of it, to my true love will
send me.

[*The Husband.*]

The foreign country holdeth me, my native land is
calling,
My wife for me doth vainly sigh, her bitter tears
are falling.

[*The Wife.*]

No other comfort save my tears have I to ease my
yearning;
They fall like dew upon my heart, and help to
quench its burning.

As the old woman neared the end of her song, her voice sank lower and lower, until nothing was heard but an indistinguishable wail, mingled with sobs. When it became evident that the mœrologion was finished, the priest burned some incense in a small earthen cup, and said the usual prayers. Then the procession started for the lonely grave, which two of the sailors had already dugged near the edge of the precipice. The ship's boy was given a crude cross, which he lifted on high. After him came four sailors with the body on a blanket. Beside these walked old Maria, wringing her hands and groaning dismally, and followed by the priest chanting the solemn service for the dead.

The body was soon lowered into the grave and the brief ceremonial finished, after which every one present threw in a handful of earth. The two sailors seized their shovels, but ere they had commenced to push in the heap of fresh dirt, the voice of Spiridon was heard, crying, "Hold !"

All looked at him, and beheld the blade of a long knife gleaming in his hand. In a moment he had dropped into the shallow grave, and had commenced slitting the dead man's clothing.

"That was not necessary, my son," said the priest, when the curious ceremony had been finished. "There are no grave-robbers in this lonely part of the world."

"There is no part of the world so lonely that it hath not evil men, my father," replied Spiridon ; "besides, the widow will grieve less if she knows that all fitting things were done."

"You did well, you did well," mumbled the old woman.

At the church a tin cup was produced, and the little group, standing in front of the door, drank to the rest of the dead man's soul and

to the forgiveness of his sins. Each sailor in turn, as the cup reached him, praised the virtues or the wisdom of the deceased, closing the brief panegyric with the prayer, "May God give him rest," or "May God forgive his sins." Spiridon spoke last :

"When we were foolish children," said he, "we played together like twin kids. In boyhood we were inseparable, and when our beards first began to sprout we joined our fortunes. Nothing ever came between us to cast the slightest shadow over our friendship. And now, in a day, in a moment, Charon has snatched him from me forever. He has left a young flower in Poros that will wither when it receives no more the sunshine of his smile. Her will I take to my mother's house, and she shall have the just share of my earnings henceforth, as though her husband were still alive. I promised him I'd take care for his widow, and she shall be as my own sister. Farewell, my brother, may your memory be eternal!"

So one of the friends was left in his grave on the cliff, and the other sailed away in the early morning. As the white canvas of the schooner filled with the breeze, the sun rose

from a distant island, and the wimpling waters of the Ægean blushed rosily. The old priest came out upon his cliff and spread his arms, crying, "God bless you, my children," in a voice that floated over the waters, faint but distinct. The sailors, standing upon the deck, looked up and crossed themselves.

Chapter III

The living-room in a neat little cottage in the island of Poros was filled with guests, evidently there on some important occasion, for all bore evidence of having paid careful attention to their toilet. The men wore clean fustanellas, and the silver handles of elaborately adorned daggers protruded from more than one silken sash. Several of the girls had donned gold-embroidered jackets of velvet, and all wore highly coloured handkerchiefs of silk twisted about their heads.

Very primitive indeed, according to English or American ideas, was the apartment in which this assembly was gathered. In one corner stood the bed, a solid block of masonry about six feet long and four wide. A stone wall four inches high ran along the outer edge of the top, to keep the occupants from rolling out. Within the enclosure thus formed lay a rough mattress of straw, on which were

piled several home-made rugs and one or two sheepskins. A picture of the Virgin Mary and the church at Tenos, together with a few wooden chairs and a table, completed the adornment and furnishing of the room. The house was built, like those below and above it, on a shelf of a huge perpendicular rock. It was reached by a flight of steps cut in the stone, and besides the living-room, possessed only one other — the kitchen. Three windows in front and a terrace overlooked the sea. On the table already mentioned were three huge *coulouria*, ring-shaped loaves of bread, resembling life-preservers, besides various sweetmeats, and an earthen pitcher of wine.

By the table sat an old woman, swaying a young babe to and fro in her arms, which she occasionally held up to view for the better inspection of some newly arrived guest. The baby was evidently the hero of the evening.

"You are sure the wine is good?" asked one of the women.

"It could n't be better," replied the baby's nurse.

"It is famous," declared a young man, tasting it and smacking his lips.

“And the sweetmeats,” exclaimed a pretty maiden with enthusiasm, “how lovely they are!”

“The whole repast is a masterpiece,” chimed in another. “I am sure if the Fates are not satisfied with this they are very hard to suit. But are you certain you are not afraid to stay alone, my Chryse?”

“Not I,” said the old woman; “the Fates will do nothing to me, and if they should try to harm me, I have but to make the sign of the cross, and call on the Holy Virgin. If thou wilt, however, Widow Elene, thou mayest remain with me.”

The evening passed quickly, for conversation soon turned upon the appearance and character of the Three Fates, those mysterious beings who come on the seventh night after the birth of an infant and decide what its future life shall be. For that reason the poorest women in many parts of Greece set out a feast at the appointed time, that the dreaded visitors may be propitiated. If the wine is of the best and the sweetmeats are delicious, such an effect may be produced on these whimsical beings as will have a favour-

able bearing on the infant's entire after-life. Elene, the old woman who had agreed to spend the night with the nurse, had on one occasion seen the Three Fates.

"Tell us about it, tell us about it," cried all the guests in chorus; and every eye was focussed on the old woman, who, thus becoming the most important person in the room, determined to be coaxed a little.

"You will not believe me," said she.

"Why, my widow," chorussed her would-be listeners, "when did we ever doubt you?"

"You will say I was dreaming."

"Never, never."

"Or that perhaps I had been drinking too much."

"We would never be so rude. We will not go till you tell us."

"Go on," pleaded a fisherman, "and I'll send you the first half-dozen fine red mullets that I catch."

"And I," urged a shepherd, "will bring you to-morrow an elegant bowl of Yaourti."

Thus persuaded, Elene seated herself and took a pinch of snuff preparatory to commencing her recitation. The titilating pow-

der seemed an hour producing the desired effect, but when at length a series of violent sneezes followed, every one good-naturedly cried out, "Your health!" Thus refreshed, the old woman commenced.

"It was the seventh night after the birth of little Yanko Melas. What a beautiful table we had spread for the Fates! Wine of Santorin, sweet as honey; beautiful red resinato, from the cellar of the old Melas himself; honey-cakes, Halva and Syra Loukoumi. The whole table was hidden with good things. Then there was a basin full of strained Syra honey. At the edge of it we stuck three newly made church candles and lighted them. One we named Mary, one Jesus Christ, and the other John the Baptist. Papas Loukas read the creed three times, after which we sat watching the candles. How silent we were! Not a sound was heard, save the occasional crying of the young babe, who lay in my arms, so foolish and so innocent, little knowing how much it all meant for him!"

"Suddenly the father shouted, 'It's Saint John, it's Saint John!' And sure enough,

although the three candles had burned down almost together, the one we had dedicated to John the Baptist sputtered and went out first! The baby had not yet been baptized, as a matter of course. So the *koumbaros*, who was naturally present, determined to call him Joannes, and he was baptized under that name the very next Sunday. Finally, the guests all went home, and I and the mother were left in the room alone. We left the door ajar, and went to bed. No danger of our going to sleep! How we watched that door! It was so still in there I could hear the beating of Kuria Melas's heart!"

"Are you sure it was not your own?" roguishly inquired the fisherman.

"If I am interrupted again," said the old woman severely, "I shall not proceed."

"Remember the red mullets, my sister," whispered some one at her elbow, and the story continued. "Finally, just as the hour was balancing at the summit of midnight before sliding down on the morning side, we heard the door go *kruk! kruk!* Slowly, slowly it opened, and three terrible old women came in! They were much taller than

human beings, and their eyes were like bright swords."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed several of the listeners, and all crossed themselves hurriedly.

"They went straight to the table, and one of them tasted the wine. 'It is good,' said she in a deep voice. 'T is a masterpiece,' said the second. 'Such honey-cakes are rare,' said the third. Then the first spoke again: 'I grant him the gifts of the angels'; and the second: 'Whenever he laughs, may two dewy roses fall upon his cheeks'; and the third: 'Whenever he weeps, may pearls flow from his eyes!' Finally they threw a ring on the table, with a stone in it that glittered like a star, and all cried together: 'May it guard him from every evil!' After which they vanished, and the room gleamed for a moment as with a sudden flash of lightning!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed all present, crossing themselves again.

"Did you find the ring?" asked the fisherman.

"Why not?" demanded the old woman. "Yanko Melas wears it to this day; and has n't he been fortunate all his life? As a boy he

escaped whooping-cough and measles! Once he was in a caïque which was upset, and all were drowned except him! And now he is to marry an heiress with twenty thousand drachmas *proeka!*”

“That, of course, settles it,” admitted the doubting Thomas. “A cat might have eaten the sweetmeats, but if the ring was there, that settles it.”

Towards eleven o'clock, after much drinking of resin wine, and many toasts to the babe's welfare, the guests departed, leaving the two old women alone. Chryse placed the infant in the high bed, Elene holding the flickering candle. “Bless his bright eyes,” said the latter, standing tiptoe, and looking into the child's face; “he deserves the best!”

“And his mother dead, too, poor thing,” sighed Chryse. “Well, well, when the father comes, he'll have the consolation of knowing that we did everything we could.” With this observation the nurse took the candle and set it on the table.

“O Fates, daughter of Fates,” said she solemnly, “come and fate well this child of dead Maroula, and give him Alexandria with

its mills, the sea with its ships, and Stamboul with its diamonds ! ”

Crossing themselves, the old women climbed into bed without undressing, leaving the door ajar and the candle flickering dimly on the table. For some time they managed to keep their eyes open, and as often as the wind made the door creak, two comical old heads rose from the bed and peeped cautiously about the room.

“They ’re coming,” they whispered.

“No; it is not yet twelve.”

“Now they ’re coming.”

“No; it was the wind.”

But age and the resin wine at last triumphed over superstition, and ere the mysterious hour of twelve had arrived the grey-haired watchers were wrapped in deep slumber, with the innocent babe between them. A puff of wind flew in like a frightened bat, and blew out the candle with its wing, leaving the room in utter darkness. Still the Fates came not ! The crescent moon fell swift and keen as the blade of a guillotine through the sky, and disappeared behind the mountains, and yet the Fates delayed ! Finally a ship drifted in

front of the dim-white town, and shed its sails as the leaves are blown from a tree. The anchor chain played out noisily, and ere the long iron fingers of the anchor had gripped the sand, a little boat had started for the shore. The babe's fate sat at the helm! No sooner had the prow scrunched on the beach than a man stepped over the seats and leaped eagerly to shore. Without even looking behind him, he strode across the sea-walk in front of the town and plunged into a dark narrow street leading, like all the others, up the hill. He must have known his way well, for when his form reappeared high up, dim in the starlight, he was bearing off to the right, and was still striding on without the least hesitation. At last he arrived at the door of the cottage where the two old women were sleeping.

"The door is open," he muttered. "This Maroula was always a fearless lass." Then he called several times softly, "Maroula! Maroula! Poor child, she does well to sleep! She will wake too soon, at the quickest!"

"Did n't you hear something?" whispered Elene, fearfully.

“No; I was sleeping”; and the two comical old heads arose again from the bed.

“Maroula! Maroula!” called the man a second time, louder.

“Hark! they’re calling Maroula,” whispered Chryse, her teeth chattering; “they don’t know the poor thing is dead.” Here was a dreadful thought! The grim and mysterious visitors were ignorant of the mother’s death, and might be enraged at finding only strangers in the house. The two heads bobbed down into the bed and were immediately wrapped in the blankets, held tightly by four withered hands. The shouting loudened, but no answer came from within. The man hammered at the door, and the babe awoke and cried, but the old women only crouched the closer in the blankets, and whispered the name of the Virgin repeatedly.

At this, wonder overcame the midnight visitor. “By all the saints,” said he, “what miracle is this?” Pushing open the door, he walked boldly into the room.

A moment later he collided violently with the table standing in the middle of the floor. Over it he went, throwing down wine-bottle,

plates, glasses and candlestick with much clatter.

Chryse and Elene sat up in bed and added their terrified voices to that of the babe. The man was now too overcome with perplexity to say anything. He hastily drew flint and tinder from his pocket, and, after much scratching, produced a light, by the aid of which he succeeded in finding the candle on the floor. Lighting this, and holding it up to his face, he advanced to the bed.

"In the name of St. Nicholas," said he, "what hullabaloo is this? and what does it all mean?"

"Chryse, Elene, do you not know me—me, Spiridon, who sailed away in the *Two Brothers*? Where is Maroula? and whose little one is this?"

The old women stared for a moment confusedly at the stalwart sailor; but the face of their fellow-townsmen was too familiar for them to remain long in doubt.

"It is himself," they said with a sigh of relief.

"But where is Loukas?" asked Chryse. "Did you leave him in the ship? We have

something here to show him. And we have sad news for him — sad news mingled with good.”

“Poor Loukas is dead. He will come to Poros no more. He’s buried by a little Church of the Wilderness in the Isle of Andros.”

The two old women looked silently into each other’s eyes, and crossed themselves three times successively.

“But where is Maroula? I’ve come to tell her the sad news.”

“Do you tell him,” said Elene, after a long pause.

“No; you tell him — I cannot. It’s too sad.”

“Well, then, Maroula is dead too. She died seven days ago giving birth to this little one.” “Here,” continued Elene, bringing the babe from the bed, “is the son of Loukas and Maroula. Poor thing, you’ve got no father nor mother now. So little, and all alone in the world.”

“Nay,” cried Spiridon, his form shaken by sobs; “it’s not alone in the world. I’ll be father and mother and *nounos* to the boy. I

swear by my hopes of eternal life that he shall be like my eyes to me. Come to your *nounos*, my little Palikari." And Spiridon handed the candle to Chryse and took the child in his arms. The wee bundle of humanity looked up for a moment with big beautiful eyes into the face of the tall sailor. And the two old women declared that it smiled.

"God be praised!" said they devoutly, sobbing in their turn.

After the natural questions had been asked and answered on both sides, Spiridon announced his intention of returning to the ship, and bade Elene and Chryse good-night. But the latter would not consent to remain in the house. The repast of the Fates had been rolled on to the floor. The terrible beings might yet appear, and "Who knows," said Chryse, "into what a dangerous rage they may fly when they see the wine spilled and the sweetmeats soiled with dirt?"

So Spiridon escorted the two old women and the babe to Elene's house, and took his own way back to the schooner.

"Is it not fortunate," asked the nurse, be-

fore retiring for a second time, "that the boy has so good a protector?" But Elene shook her head. "Nay, nay," she answered; "the Fates will come and find their feast scattered on the floor. Who knows what evil things they may say? I fear greatly that's a bad omen."

Chapter IV

The very next day Spiridon set out with his mother and a party of her female friends in search of baptismal garments and other necessities. The articles which he bought were of the finest, and the gossips of Poros long after applauded his generosity. He went to the jeweller's and commanded a tiny cross of solid gold with a slender chain of the same material for the prospective Christian's neck. Thence he went to the store of a man who kept a stock of baptismal and marriage goods, where, after much searching on his own part, and more advice on that of his female companions, he succeeded in selecting a complete infantile outfit, from stockings to embroidered jacket and tiny cap. So intent was he in the purchase of these things that he nearly forgot the *floria*, or souvenirs for the guests. These he ordered, to prevent ill-feeling, of the only

other jeweller in the place. They were all alike—silver stars, with a picture of Christ's baptism stamped on one side and of his birth on the other. One hundred souvenirs he ordered, all with neat ribbons attached, that the guests might easily pin them onto their clothing. Nor did he cease his preparations until he had purchased a huge candle of ornamental shape, gaily adorned with ribbons, and three smaller ones of beeswax; the former to be lighted and held during the ceremony, the three latter to be fixed in sockets about the edge of the font.

On the afternoon of the baptism the church was filled. The sad story of the baby's father and mother, and Spiridon's oath to act as its natural protector, had excited general interest. Never had old Papas Antoni been more impressive in official robes, his long grey hair tied up in a woman's knot at the back of his head, and his white beard spreading out like a fan upon his chest. The ceremony itself went off beautifully. Spiridon looked very noble, dressed in white fustanelles, with his candle in his hand, and many feminine ejaculations were heard as the nurse

appeared by his side, holding what seemed to be a bundle of linen in her arms.

The priest lit the candles, made a circle about the font with a censer, and blessed the water, blowing three invisible crosses above it with his lips. After the preliminary prayers the babe was stripped of his wraps, and the priest bathed him in olive oil, and made the sign of the cross upon the child's forehead, saying: "Constantine, servant of God, I anoint thee with the oil of joy, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

The same sacred sign was made upon Constantine's chest, his ears, his hands, and his feet: upon his chest, for the health of soul and body; his ears, that he might hear the words of faith; his feet, that he might walk in the narrow way; his hands, because "Thy hands made and fashioned me." Then the priest took Constantine beneath the arms and held him upright over the font, with his face towards the east, saying: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." He plunged him three times beneath the water; this being almost hot, Constantine came up red as a rose, at which all

the women whispered in audible chorus, "The poor little darling!"

The little darling did not seem to enjoy the proceeding very much, for he spluttered and gasped like a drowning man, and, as soon as he had recovered his breath, broke forth into a series of screams that quite eclipsed all his previous efforts. After Constantine had been dried with the sacerdotal garment, he was handed to Spiridon, and the most important part of the ceremony then took place. The priest dipped a brush in a small silver bottle filled with the Holy *Chrism*, oil blessed in Constantinople by the Patriarch, and sent out to all the Greek churches of the world; with this he marked the child many times with the sign of the cross, saying repeatedly, "The seal of the gift of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Papas Antoni now, for the first time during the rite, allowed his face to relax into a smile, for it now became his duty to take the scissors attached to the silver bottle, and to cut off three locks of hair from the shiny little head. The hands of the priest looked very clumsy during this operation, the shears

very big, and the white fuzz on the head extremely fine. But three imaginary locks were finally cut off and thrown into the holy water during universal tittering. Constantine was dressed in the clothes purchased for him by his *nounos*; and then came Spiridon's turn to feel proud. Taking the young Christian, who looked very cunning indeed in the white baptismal costume, upon his left arm, and holding the huge candle, gaily decked with ribbon, in his right hand, he walked three times around the font, accompanied by the holy father.

That night half a dozen fires burned in front of the house of Spiridon's mother, and by each of them sat a boy slowly turning a long spit—six young lambs were being deliciously roasted. About the door and in the principal room were collected a throng of guests, for the *nounos* was giving a befitting dinner to his friends. Wine flowed freely, and many were the toasts drunk to the future prosperity of Constantine, and to Spiridon's health and happiness. Nor were poor Maroula and Loukas forgotten; the courage and manliness of the one were extolled, the beauty and

virtues of the other. Their happy marriage was recalled by the simple villagers, most of whom had been present on that occasion; and now the two were sleeping far apart, the husband on a lonely promontory in the Isle of Andros, the bride in the village graveyard.

"But Constantine shall never miss them," said Spiridon again and again; "I'll be like his own father to him, and my mother shall be his mother."

"Ah! that will never do," cried Elene, hearing this part of the programme. "Your mother is getting old; we must find you a wife, who'll care both for Constantine and the little mother."

"Bah, bah, bah! d'you think if I were to marry one of these beautiful maidens I could go off and leave her behind? I must keep the ship going for the boy's sake; he shall have his father's share of the profits."

At this some of the maidens blushed, and some sighed.

"We'll find you a wife with a *proeka*, you so noble and handsome."

"Long live Mrs. Spiridon," cried a young sailor, clicking his glass against that of his

neighbour, and the old woman's voice was drowned in a sudden chorus of "Zetos."

"You must sell the ship and settle here," she continued, when the cheering had subsided.

"Where all are so beautiful," said the host gallantly, "it is hard to decide"; and all the girls blushed.

But Elene was a famous and determined matchmaker. After the guests had departed she lingered and urged upon Spiridon the necessity of matrimony.

"It is too soon after poor Loukas's death," he objected sadly; "besides, I have not yet met the particular maiden."

"It's only the hills that do not meet," replied the old woman, oracularly taking her leave.

Chapter V

As *nounos*, or godfather to the babe, Spiridon had taken upon himself obligations of the most solemn nature. It became necessary for him to instruct his charge, as the latter advanced in years, in the precepts of the Orthodox Church. He was considered the boy's spiritual father, as it were, and therefore a more important personage than the natural parents. They had been instrumental in bringing a life into the world; Spiridon had officiated at that rite by which alone is it possible for a soul to enter upon the life eternal. What sacred responsibilities, therefore, does the *nounos* take upon himself; and if he fulfil them faithfully, what treasure of grace is laid up to his credit in Heaven! But Spiridon, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, was bound to this babe by still greater ties of responsibility. The little one was the relic of his dearest friend, and he had prom-

ised solemnly, in the presence of half the inhabitants of Poros, to be more than a father to him. And very touching it was to see the strong sea-captain rocking the tiny infant in his arms, singing to him the while sweet Romaic cradle-songs in a deep but tender voice.

Many days the good ship lay at anchor like a seagull with its wings folded, and still Spiridon lingered on in Poros. Often the kindly face of Papas Antoni peeped in at the door, and his "God bless you, Christian children," was so heartfelt that it fell like mellow sunshine upon the souls of those within. Mother Leonidas, too, took very kindly to the babe, and applauded her son's conduct. Indeed, this dear old lady was a true Greek mother, which is only another way of saying that her boy was her idol, and that anything he did was apt to appear right in her eyes. She welcomed Constantine the more kindly, also, because she saw in him an able ally in her long-cherished scheme of making Spiridon give up the sea and settle in Poros. For this reason she joined her influence with that of the priest and the matchmaker Elene, both of whom desired to

see the young man married. Many times was Elene's crutch heard knocking at the door, and numerous were the names of available damsels whom she proposed. Each was represented as possessing peculiar charms of the most irresistible nature, and the old woman argued in favour of all with untiring volubility. Finally, after sifting the list thoroughly, Mother Leonidas, Elene, and the priest settled on Loukia Kastriotes as the most suitable candidate, and urged her upon Spiridon with such combined persistency that he consented.

She was a black-eyed maiden of petite figure and attractive face. Spiridon objected that her tongue was sharp and her character too determined; but not even his mother listened to him in this particular, for is it not the husband's duty to exact obedience from the wife? Loukia was certainly pretty and vivacious, and her *proeka* was equal to that of any girl in the island. So the family of Leonidas made preliminary advances to the family of Kastriotes, and after much negotiating on both sides, the matter was settled. Spiridon thereupon visited his prospective

bride, carrying her a pearl necklace and a beautiful hand-mirror brought from Russia, the like of which had never been seen before in Poros. The engagement was announced, and the day was fixed for the celebration of the betrothal.

Chapter VI

During all this time there had been something on Spiridon's mind. There was a certain matter concerning which he desired very much to inform himself without exciting suspicion, and if possible without assistance. While he was perfectly honest in his demonstrations of affection for the son of his late partner and friend, yet he possessed a secret in connection with the little one's fortunes which he had as yet breathed to no one. The revelations made to him by the dying Loukas were sacred in the extreme, and the last request should have been as binding as a will. If Spiridon had made a clean breast to his fellow-townsmen, and asked their advice and aid in carrying out the desires of his deceased partner, he would have been saved all temptation; but he had within him the guile of the Greek nature to contend against, that characteristic which has flowed down the current of

Greek blood from the times of the Trojan horse even to our own day. He did not therefore mention this thing which he had on his mind to any one, but lingered on at Poros studying the problem night and day. What his secret was will be better understood by those who are acquainted with the island itself.

Sphæria, on which the village of Poros is situated, is no more nor less than a small circular rock. The town is now supplied with water by means of pipes that run under the sea from the Peloponnesus opposite, but in earlier times the inhabitants were obliged to rely upon cisterns, capacious caverns hollowed out in the solid rock, in which enough water was collected during the long rainy season, for drinking and cooking purposes the remainder of the year. These reservoirs usually consisted of a large pear-shaped cavity, having a smaller receptacle at the bottom for the collection of impurities.

Spiridon was haunted night and day by the desire to drain the cistern of Loukas's house, and to examine the smaller cavity at the bottom. He went secretly and tasted the

water, but, to his disgust, found it remarkably clean and good. Of course, as it was then autumn, he might have had an excuse for cleaning the cistern in preparation for the fresh winter rains. But he wished to be very sure of avoiding suspicion, so he slyly poured several pails of brackish water from the harbour into the cistern, as well as a quantity of loose rubbish. The next day, in the most natural manner possible, he complained of the water at his own house, which was getting low, and went for a pailful to Loukas's. On his way back to his own door he called the attention of several villagers to the queer taste of the pail's contents. Old Papas Antoni and Elene, who had called during his absence, both declared that the water in Loukas's cistern had gone bad.

"I think of cleaning it out, putting the house in repair, and renting it," said Spiridon.

"Are you crazy?" asked Elene. "Who do you suppose would live in a house that has proved itself unlucky?"

"But Papas Antoni would bless the place."

"Even so, it will be a long time before any one else will care to live in it."

"At all events," persisted Spiridon, "there's no harm in draining the cistern and letting it fill up with fresh water."

To this even Elene assented, and the very next morning Spiridon had the pump unscrewed from its place on the schooner's deck, and brought on shore. A hole was bored through a heavy plank, which was laid over the reservoir's mouth. The pump was screwed to the plank, the long handles were put in place, and the emptying process was commenced; a goodly portion of the population coming to look on at one time and another during the day. So skilfully did Spiridon manage the work that the valves did not suck wind till about dusk, and many times did he speak of the danger of going down into an impure cistern, and the precautions necessary to be taken.

"To-morrow," he said, to two or three men who were peering curiously into the dark cavity,—“to-morrow we'll clean out the bottom.”

About ten o'clock that night, Spiridon

took a small boat and rowed out to the schooner, on which Barbandone was staying alone—the rest of the crew being temporarily discharged. Barbandone was sitting in the cabin, sheath-knife in hand, carving the head of an olive-wood walking-stick into the form of a human fist. On the table sat a tumbler of olive-oil, in which floated a bit of cork transfixed by a tiny burning wick.

“What’s running, effendi?” asked the young helmsman, as the form of his employer appeared in the door. Spiridon seated himself in the only other chair the cabin possessed.

“There’s no moon to-night,” said he irrelevantly.

“When the moon is away, the stars have a better chance to shine,” replied Barbandone, looking shrewdly at the other, who sat with his eyes fixed on the floor. A long silence intervened, during which Spiridon cleared his throat several times. Finally he broke out abruptly in an unnatural voice :

“Barbandone, you’re in love, are you not?”

“Is that what your honour came out here

to speak to me about ?" asked Barbandone, looking up quickly.

"We'll see. But I know all about it. Little Sophia Vlakos. Ah! I don't blame you. She is a beauty, with her black eyes and red cheeks. And those lips! when she eats cherries they don't stain her mouth. She loves you too, I am sure. But why won't her parents let her marry you? You, a big, fine fellow, with the hearts of half the young girls in Andros under your little finger!"

"They say I'm too poor for such a beauty. They laugh at me and tell me that when I come back with ten thousand drachmas in my belt I can have Sophia."

"You shall have the ten thousand drachmas, Barbandone," said Spiridon.

"What?" cried the young man, springing to his feet. "Oh! tell me how I can get them. But your honour is making fun of me. You do not know how serious a matter this is to me. Those ten thousand drachmas are the one desire of my life, the prayer of my every breath. I would go down into hell for them; I would fight vampires for them; I would swim from here to Stamboul for them. Since

old Vlakos told me that, I have pinched every pendare as though it were my soul's ransom. It is two years now, and I have only five hundred drachmas. Oh, effendi! Think of it; perhaps Sophia will be forced to marry some one else, and then—"

"Steady, steady," interrupted Spiridon; "you shall have the money for half an hour's work."

Barbandone did not seem for the moment to comprehend these words. He gazed at his employer stupidly for a few seconds without speaking. Suddenly a wave of intelligence passed over his face, and a frightened look came into his eyes.

"You wish me to commit some great crime, effendi, to avenge you on one of your enemies, perhaps—" said he in a despairing tone.

"Bah, bah, bah, bah, man! What enemies have I? I merely wish you to help me in a perfectly honest matter, which I will explain to your satisfaction later, and to keep a secret."

"Then," exclaimed Barbandone, "we cannot commence too soon. What do we do first? Behold, I am ready."

"First," replied Spiridon, "you must run over with me to that rock on which stands the little Church of the Virgin, and swear never to reveal the thing that we do this night."

"I'm afraid, effendi, the thing looks crooked. One is not paid ten thousand drachmas every day for doing right."

Spiridon seized a little gold chain about his neck, and pulled his baptismal cross from his bosom.

"See here, Barbandone," said he, kissing the cross, "I swear to you by my hopes of eternal life, that it is n't in my heart to do wrong to any one. I have important business which I can transact better alone than if the whole world were mixed up in it. If I choose to pay you ten thousand drachmas for your assistance, that's my business. Of course, if you don't want the money—"

"I want it; God knows I want it!"

"Come along then; you must swear before the Virgin to secrecy, because, if you don't, Sophia will worm the matter out of you, and when a woman knows a secret, the world knows it."

Thereupon he took down from the cabin

wall the eikon of St. Nicholas, and placing it reverently under his arm, he climbed down into the boat, followed by the doubting but eager helmsman. Silently the boat crept through the darkness to the island rock on which stood the church. While Barbandone was making fast the boat, Spiridon hurried up to the door and cautiously pushed it open.

"Perhaps," thought he, "some solitary monk may have taken possession and be sleeping on the floor."

But no, the place was empty. He took a candle from his pocket, lit it, and set it in drippings from its own wax upon the shelf where stood the Virgin's picture painted on a small board. Then he placed St. Nicholas on the shelf by the side of the Blessed Mary, and called softly to Barbandone to come in. The latter obeyed tremblingly, removing his hat, and crossing himself three times. He was greatly overcome with the solemnity of the hour and the loneliness of the place. The two sacred images, side by side in the uncertain light, seemed to look into his very soul. Besides, the church was a very holy one, as the Virgin had been known to manifest herself

miraculously there. Spiridon turned to the two images. "Kiss them," said he. Barbandone obeyed. "Now repeat what I say." The helmsman repeated, sentence by sentence, the following crude oath, which he remembered all the rest of his life.

"I call upon the sacred Virgin Mother of Christ, and the most holy St. Nicholas, to witness that I swear never to tell to any soul, living or dead, on sea or on land, the things which I see, hear, and do this night. If I fail to keep this oath, may I be unlucky in love and in hate. May my race be servants forever. May my children all be born girls, and my grandchildren cripples. May my father and grandfather be tormented in Hell forever. May I grow old in poverty and be despised in my age. Finally, may I die without the Holy Sacrament, and be buried in a foreign land."

Barbandone shuddered when he had finished these words.

"Provided I am asked to do nothing wrong," added he, feebly.

"That I told you in the beginning — that's understood," replied Spiridon. "Now come, and I'll show you what we have to do."

Back to the schooner, accordingly, the two men went. A coil of rope was laid in the boat, two buckets, a shovel, and a lantern.

"Where are we to go?" asked the young helmsman.

"To Loukas's house," replied Spiridon; "around to the back of the house, and up the back way."

Twenty minutes more found them at the cistern. No one was stirring. The lights were out in the whole town, and all the inhabitants were sleeping. The lantern was lighted and let down into the empty cistern by means of a string. The buckets were fastened to one end of the rope, and lowered after it. Then the rope was tied around the plank to which the pump was screwed, and the two men descended hand over hand. They took the more solid mud from the reservoir at the bottom of the cistern, and with it formed a temporary dam on the sloping cement floor. Behind this they piled the refuse from the reservoir, Spiridon handing the buckets up and Barbandone emptying them. Spiridon worked with feverish haste. In a remarkably short space of time his shovel

scraped on the bottom of the shallow receptacle.

"There's nothing there, effendi," said Barbandone, holding up the lantern and peering curiously in. Spiridon made no reply, but tapped vigorously on the side of the receptacle with the handle of his shovel. The wall emitted a dull and solid sound. He tried the opposite side with the same result. Then the third, which gave forth a hollow sound startlingly different from the other two.

"Here, quick," he shouted to Barbandone, "give me something to break it in with."

Barbandone shrugged his shoulders. "What shall I give you, effendi? There is nothing here."

Spiridon sprang out of the hole. "Climb up and drop down one of the pump handles."

Barbandone went up the rope hand over hand. "Look out below there," he cried, a moment later, and the pump handle dropped into the hole with a "chug" and a "ching."

Spiridon sprang in after it, and seizing the pump handle as if it were a crowbar, had made a hole through the thin masonry ere Barbandone had again slid down the rope. A

few more vigorous blows, and that side of the wall had fallen in. Spiridon dropped the pump handle and reached in his hand. "Hand me the lantern here, quick!" he shouted to Barbandone. Holding the light in his left hand, he grasped some object with his right, and tugged violently, but without avail.

"Stop! let me help," said Barbandone, overpowered by curiosity. Uniting their efforts, the two men succeeded in dragging forth what proved to be an old-fashioned trunk heavily bound with iron hoops. Spiridon pried loose the hasp with the blade of the shovel, and lifted the lid.

"Whose money is this?" asked Barbandone, huskily, as soon as he recovered his power of speech.

"Ten thousand francs of it are yours, if we only get it safely on board," replied the other.

Gold and silver bars, strings of pearls and amber beads, a few old Greek knives and pistols heavily mounted in solid silver, a sword with a jewelled handle, various small boxes, bags, and bundles, and, plainly visible below all this, a great heap of gold and silver

coin. That is what the trunk contained. The two men seized the iron handles, but could not lift it. Spiridon spoke quickly and with decision.

"I will go above," said he; you load the stuff into the bucket, and I will pull it up. Be lively: people will be stirring before long."

A few seconds later he pulled the first bucketful up, and laid it in one corner of the kitchen while Barbandone was preparing the other. They made short work. After a few excited trips to the kitchen and back, Spiridon was surprised to find the pump handle at the end of the rope.

"Hello! what's the matter?" he called down in a subdued voice.

"That's all, effendi; I'm sending up the things."

Spiridon immediately slid down the rope and cast a searching glance about him. "Sure you haven't left anything behind, eh?" said he, eyeing Barbandone sharply. Without waiting for reply he took up the shovel and began pushing the refuse back into the hole, Barbandone assisting with one of the pails. This finished, the rope was passed

through the handles of the two buckets and that of the shovel, and securely tied to one end of the trunk. The men then climbed out, and pulled the rope up after them. Ere morning dawned, the treasure had been carried in the buckets to the little boat, restored to the trunk, and safely locked up in the captain's cabin on board the schooner.

"This money," said Spiridon piling ten thousand francs' worth of Turkish pounds upon the table, "was partly mine and partly Loukas's. Now half of it belongs to the boy, and he shall have his share. Loukas didn't trust anybody but me, and before he died he made me promise I'd take out Maroula's share privately, and do the best I could with it for her. Now that she's dead, I'll do the best I can with it for the boy. I'll educate him, and make a gentleman of him, and when he comes of age I'll give him back his money with interest. Here's a gold watch for yourself and a diamond for Sophia. Are you satisfied?"

Barbandone thought of Sophia's white throat and red lips, and said that he was.

The next day, in the presence of half a

dozen small boys and several of the soberer citizens of Poros, the sediment receptacle in Loukas's cistern was cleaned out. Barbandone himself went down and filled the buckets.

"No wonder the water tasted so bad," said one householder to another, seeing the mud come up.

"I must clean out my cistern before the rains set in," remarked another; "for my whole family will be sick."

A few days later Spiridon compromised with old Papas Antoni, Elene, and his mother, on the understanding that he was to make one more voyage, after which he would return, sell the schooner, and marry black-eyed Loukia Kastriotes. All this he did according to promise. But to the no small surprise of the Poriotes, he removed soon after his marriage to Athens, taking with him his mother and little Constantine, as well as his wife. In the capital city he bought a fine house in a beautiful garden, and hung up in his bedroom the eikon of St. Nicholas, which had brought him so much good fortune in *The Two Brothers*.

Here he lived as much at ease as is possible for a man who is rich, and who has married a woman with black eyes and a determined character. One year after his marriage he became the father of a girl who was destined to become famous for beauty, even in a city where beautiful women are a matter of course.

Soon after this event his mother died, thus severing the last link which bound him to Poros, the island which he always referred to, in Greek fashion, as "My native land."

Barbandone married his sweetheart, and became a prosperous wine merchant. For many years his conscience was troubled by a bundle of papers hidden in his house, which he could not read, and dared not show to any one. He had taken them surreptitiously from the trunk in Loukas's cistern, and had put them in his pocket on that memorable night.

Chapter VII

“What delight! O, what delight!

You have come, O swallow,

On your wing so glossy bright”—

Sang a voice in a garden. It was a high, flat voice, that fell very distinctly on the accented syllables, and evidently belonged to a little girl. The song, of which we have translated the first few words, was a pretty burst of enthusiasm over the coming of the swallow in early springtime. It was written in a language which a learned college professor might not have understood, unless he were a disciple of the great Blackie of Edinburgh. Yet the singer understood the song, for it was in the language which she had learned at her mother's knee, and talked familiarly with her school-fellows—modern Greek; a tongue that is as clearly Greek as the swallow of to-day is a descendant of the swallow of the ancient proverb.

The sound of the word almost tells its meaning. It suggests the swift, graceful flight of the swallow, and, if the word is properly pronounced, the sudden rush of his wing as he passes near.

The garden was surrounded by a high wall of adhesive mud, so that curious people could not see in from the street. The garden was not carpeted with green grass, but possessed a smooth floor of hard beaten earth, cleanly swept. Here and there within the enclosure were several tall vases in which grew tropical plants, and a number of small flower-pots were arranged in a square. On the wall a few blood-red poppies stood up straightly on their slender stems as though the tiny legions of the Spring had taken the place by assault and set their banners there. A pleasant spot is this garden, into which we are now peeping, and the little singer has reason to feel very proud, for it has been assigned to her by her father as her own special haunt and playground. We shall therefore name the place as her friends do, "Aneza's garden."

But we have dropped into the present tense, and are saying "now," not realizing

for the moment how time flies, and how men and women change. The miniature garden is here in Athens still, and every April the legions of the springtime set their poppy banners on the wall. Every springtime, too, the swallow comes, and the almond-tree, dressed all in white, spreads out her arms to give it welcome, as says the song which little Aneza used to sing in her high, flat voice. Even the circular seat which Spiridon built round the tree, and on which she used to sit, still exists; but Aneza herself is by this time an old woman, and has children, and even grandchildren, of her own. King George and good Queen Olga reign now in the big palace at Athens. When Aneza was a little girl, Otho the Bavarian was ruler of Greece—an impulsive, visionary man, whom the Greeks drove away, but for whom they have a lingering affection.

On the mud wall of the garden, and on the two gate-posts at that end of the house which formed a portion of the enclosure, were set numerous flower-pots, from which vines trailed down, looking very green against the background of neatly whitewashed mud. Besides

the almond there was a spreading shade-tree, that curled up its leaves every night, and opened them again in the morning, to the perpetual delight and wonder of Miss Aneza. But perhaps the most pleasant feature of this miniature garden was its retired situation, by which it escaped the clouds of dust that have gone whirling about the streets of Athens from the earliest times till now. It was cool and shady too when the white houses and the white streets of the city glared intolerably in the sun.

“What delight ! O, what delight !”

continued the careless voice, as the little girl ran from one flower-pot to another with a water-sprinkler.

“Anezaki,” called another voice, evidently that of a boy. The girl turned round once like a top, whirling the sprinkler about her, like those toys which are made to show the effects of centrifugal force. Seeing nobody, she called out, “O, you need n’t try to fool me, Mr. Constantine; I can see you behind the post there,” at which a sturdy boy of eight advanced, laughing merrily.

“I was n’t behind the post, and I did fool you; so there, now.”

"I don't care," replied the girl, a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed maiden of six summers; "I can beat you playing mora, anyhow."

The sprinkler was instantly dropped, for the challenge was accepted, and for several minutes two chubby right hands were opening and closing rapidly, disclosing a different number of fingers each time, while their owners shouted "two," "four," "five," "eight," loud enough to be heard a block away. But Aneza, though very bright for a girl of her age, continued to be beaten at the ancient game; she was too young to comprehend numbers.

"This is n't any fun," said she; "let's play something else."

Just then String-Bean, her big white cat, appeared on the top of the wall, slid down a rose-vine and walked majestically through the garden.

"String-Bean! String-Bean!" cried Aneza; "the mean old thing, she knows I have n't got anything for her to eat; besides, she is going to see her kitten."

"Has n't she weaned that kitten yet?" asked Constantine. "It's about time; it's

big enough to be baptized." Both laughed heartily at the thought. Suddenly Aneza jumped up and down, clapping her hands.

"I know, I know, I know. We'll baptize the kitten; I'll be *mamme*" (midwife).

"I'll be *koumbaros* then," said Constantine, "and name the child."

"What'll we do for a priest?" inquired Aneza.

"I'll tell you," replied the ready Constantine. "I'll be the priest, and I'll announce that I've just come from the *koumbaros*' house; that he's sick; but that this baptism must go on, for this child might get the measles and die, and then he'd stand no more chance of going to heaven than a Turk."

"Oh, won't that be fun!" cried the girl, her big eyes dancing with delight. "I'll steal the olive-oil and a basin out of the kitchen now, while cook is taking her afternoon nap."

The boy went around to the kitchen door, while the girl tiptoed in, handing out soon after a large earthen bowl, and a tin dish partly filled with olive-oil. These Constantine carried into the garden, and the two con-

federates filled the bowl with water. The next thing in order was to bring the victim. Poor String-Bean was found in the store-room at the back of the house, teaching her only remaining offspring how to play. Her family had consisted of five, but an old Herod of a tom-cat belonging next door had rushed in one morning during String-Bean's absence, and torn all her children in shreds except one. The mother returned just in time to attack Herod with great fierceness, and to save one child, which she henceforth guarded as the apple of her eye. Seeing the boy and girl, she instinctively felt that mischief was in the air, for she rubbed against their legs, and purred noisily, to propitiate them if possible.

"What 'll we call it?" whispered Aneza, looking at the cunning little animal, which had just tried to put its paw on a fly, and stood looking wistfully after the buzzing insect.

"Why, it's the image of old Cinnamon, that fell in the quicklime and got burned to death. Let's name it Cinnamon," replied the boy.

"All right," assented his companion; "I'll

take it around into the garden, and you walk in a minute afterwards, and pretend you're a papas," saying which, she departed with the kitten, closely followed by the anxious cat. A few moments later Constantine entered the garden with a slow and dignified step.

"Peace be unto this house," said he; "we are here to baptize a child into the true Church; but there are no candles. Woman, where are the candles?"

"O, sure enough," replied the little *mamme*; "good father, do you hold the child a moment while I bring them." And soon two candles, purloined from the kitchen, were handed to the amateur priest. These he lit and set up in the imaginary church—one in a cleft in the bark of a tree, the other in a convenient crutch of a limb; then he dipped his finger in the oil and made the sign of the cross on poor pussy's nose, eyes, and ears in succession, saying :

"Cinnamon String-Bean, I mark thee with the sign of the cross, and I command thee to be a good Christian." Nor was the blessing of the water forgotten. The same sacred

sign was made over it three times, both with the fingers and with the breath.

"Give me the child," said Constantine, in an awful voice.

Pussy was unwrapped from a fold of Aneza's jacket, and held out at arm's-length. Constantine grabbed the oil-tin and emptied its contents over the victim.

"Cinnamon String-Bean," he continued, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen." And down went the unfortunate kitten three times under the water in the earthen basin. When it came up after the completion of the ordeal, it looked so funny, and struggled so frantically, that Aneza burst out laughing.

"Woman," said the priest sternly, "where is the holy garment in which to wrap this child?"

"Here it is," answered the woman, producing one of cook's clean, white aprons, which was immediately wrapped around the miserable kitten, dripping oil and water. Suddenly the thought occurred to the two children that no incense had been used. Aneza therefore proposed to tiptoe into the

cook's bedroom, and purloin the earthen incense-cup from the altar of the Virgin. She was afraid to go alone on so dangerous a mission, and Constantine again accompanied her as far as the kitchen door, leaving the kitten wrapped up in the apron. The cup was taken, also a little pinch of incense-powder, and the two conspirators hurried back to the garden, intent upon devising some scheme for burning the powder. What was their disgust, on their return, to see the old cat disappearing over the garden wall, holding her newly baptized infant in her mouth!

"Here, come back, you heathen!" screamed Aneza, stamping her foot; "aren't you ashamed to act that way? Come back, I say!"

"What's up now?" cried the cook, rushing into the garden, and picking up her apron and the incense-cup. "Holy Virgin! Never in my life did I see anything like this. I'll tell the mistress, and you'll both eat wood."

"Don't, don't," pleaded the little priest, suddenly changing into a little gentleman. "It was all my fault. I took your things, and I did it all. Aneza only looked on."

As a result of this gentlemanly falsehood, he received several cuffs on the ear, after which the cook waddled off, threatening to report the matter if it ever occurred again; for she was a fat, good-natured individual who had had children of her own.

“O Constantine,” exclaimed the little girl, crossing herself, “didn’t you tell a whopper !”

“I did it,” replied the whilom priest, “because no gentleman would allow a lady to be whipped. Besides, are you not Aneza, and am I not Constantine?”

Chapter VIII

Spiridon had been about thirty when he was married to Loukia Kastriotes, and as that event occurred soon after the baptism of his godson, he must have been approaching thirty-eight at the time of the scene narrated in the last chapter. His union with the black-eyed Porioté had not been his most happy venture in life. But nothing had altered his conduct towards Constantine, not even the birth of little Aneza, so named in honour of her maternal grandmother. The two children were always together, and passed their childhood in loving, innocent comradeship. Constantine was a fine boy from the start, and the passing years only added to his sturdy beauty. Like his father before him, he was blonde, with hair in short croppy curls, and a face like that of Hermes. His godfather dressed him in fustanellas, and delighted in calling him "My Palikaraki."

We have said that Aneza became a celebrated beauty, and, like most southern women, she very early began to give promise of loveliness. Even as a child of ten, there was a voluptuous charm about her. She had a low, broad forehead, and her eyes were wide apart, and surmounted by long-arching brows that nearly met over her nose. Her cheeks were quite plump, and tapered down to the sweetest chin imaginable. Her lips were red and full, and her teeth, when she laughed, which was often, seemed the whitest and evenest teeth that ever were. Her hair was luxuriant and softly glossy, corresponding in colour with her eyes, which were the crowning glory of her face. As the skies of Greece are the most lovely in the world, so are the eyes of its people unequalled elsewhere. In children and in tender youth they are seen in their highest perfection. Aneza had glorious eyes, large and limpid, perfect mirrors of her passing moods. When her feelings were hurt, they looked like the eyes of a wounded animal; when she was angry, they blazed beautifully, and when she was pleased, something like sunshine lit up and danced in them, and then died out

again. Her nose came straight down from her forehead, with but the slightest depression between her eyes, while her nostrils were full and not too thin. One can gain an idea of how necessary a feature a good nose is by wandering among the museums of the old world which contain collections of Greek sculpture. The early Christians, in their zeal to destroy heathen gods, seem to have spent much of their time running about with stones and hammers pecking off the noses of the divine statuary of the ancient masters. How a religion that is ennobling and spiritualizing in its tendencies could have inspired such vulgar vandalism is as hard to understand as are many other outrages that have been perpetrated in the name of Christianity.

Aneza was a Greek divinity whose nose was in perfect repair and of unquestionable symmetry. Her complexion was dark, but the skin was so soft and clear that the vague colour flushed very richly under it at the least excitement.

Aneza lived in a large house situated in a park, from one corner of which her own little garden had been walled off. In the

park were orange-trees which were white with fragrant blossoms in the spring, and whose boughs were laden with oranges in November and December. There were palms whose long, gracefully curving branches languished outward from the trunk in symmetrical arrangement, and other palms whose tall shafts bore only a cluster of spiny greenness at the top; clambering clematis covered one whole end of the house with bright verdure in winter and with scented snow in summer, and luxuriant rose-vines climbed by its side, hanging blood-red and yellow roses among the snow. Here a bower had been constructed, under which the family dined late on summer evenings by candle-light, and even when the nights were quite chilly, for the Greek never stays in when he can be out of doors. In front of the house stood a huge cedar-tree, in which hundreds of cedar-birds chattered, feasted, and fussed all winter, beginning their din at the earliest dawn and continuing it through the day until darkness set in. The house itself was a large three-storied structure, with very thick walls, and was built, like all Athenian dwellings, of mortar and stones

of irregular shape. On the outside it was whitewashed, and, where it faced the street, formed one of a hundred other buildings just like it.

When the sun shone and the dust was dry, the sidewalks would be white and the houses white, making all the vista of the long monotonous street intolerable to the eye.

Within, though Kurios Spiridon Leonidas was a rich man, the rooms were scantily furnished. Over the door was an archaic slab of Pentelic marble, bearing a partially erased inscription in ancient characters. Had Kurios Leonidas been able to read the slab before it was put into place, it would probably have gone into the lime-kiln — that barbarous and ignorant monster that has swallowed up so many of the records of ancient Greece and so much of the heyday of human achievement in art. For the queer old inscription announced that the building which it adorned was mortgaged for a certain sum, and it testified to human rapacity and human suffering two thousand or more years old; for it had originally been built into the wall of some ancient Greek's dwelling, according to the

custom of those days. Its dim and difficult letters no longer told the truth, for the man who used to read them with so much shame and worry had long been dust, and there was no mortgage on the property of Kurios Leonidas.

Just above the slab the face of an archaic head of Hermes looked forth, with that inimitable expression of wisdom, youth, and exquisite beauty which the mind of Praxiteles conceived for the admiration of men to all time. This also had been found on the premises and built into the wall, in accordance with the almost universal custom in modern Greece.

On opening the big iron doors you came into a hall with a mosaic floor, and wide marble staircase leading to the upper regions. In the dining-room was a large table, besides a sufficient number of chairs of crude workmanship, and in this room was hung, high up, the family Panageia, a picture of the Blessed Mother of Christ, in a square silver frame. The face looked forth from an opening in an ornamental sheet of silver, in which other apertures were cut for the hands. Below the

frame hung a lantern containing a small glass of olive-oil, on whose surface floated a bouget — those little contrivances that burn so long, and that one so often sees in the dim hall-ways of small European hotels.

The kitchen was an immense room with a stone floor. In one corner was built the range, a cube of masonry on the top of which were half a dozen shallow depressions. In these, when cooking was in process, charcoal was placed, and a draught was secured by means of small tunnels that ran down and out of one side of the range. The boilers and pots were set on the fires, and the kitchen-boy stood patiently by and fanned the lower ends of the tunnels with a wing or short broom.

Every morning Kurios Leonidas, rich as he was, went to market with a little maid-servant carrying a basket. He bought each item of the day's fare himself, and gave minute orders as to the cooking of the dinner. His wife never went into the kitchen, and rarely knew what was coming on the table until she sat down before it.

The upper story of the house was as barely

furnished as the lower. In the large reception-room alone was there anything in the nature of a carpet. The floor of this apartment was partially covered by a Turkish rug, which the master had brought home years before on his return from a trading voyage in *The Two Brothers*. The walls were high, and a few crude pictures of the Virgin and of various saints hung not far from the ceiling. The most gorgeously framed saint in the house peered benevolently forth from a gilded box suspended over the bed of Kurios Leonidas himself. This was St. Nicholas, the patron deity of those who go forth upon the great sea in ships.

There were no fireplaces or stoves anywhere. The Athenians then held to the tradition, as they do now, that they lived in a tropical climate. When Parnes and Hymettus become covered with snow, and the cold wet winds howl through the streets, chilling one to the marrow, they huddle together in their cheerless homes, and say, "What an exceptional winter!" This they have done regularly every winter from time immemorial. The existence of fougous and mangals in

Athens — picturesque, though unsatisfactory for heating purposes — must be attributed to the prevalence of this idea. The mangal of Kurios Leonidas was a huge bowl of hammered brass set upon a standard of the same metal about a foot and a half high. This receptacle was surmounted by a dome-shaped cover, also of beaten brass, ornamented at the top with a bronze eagle spreading its wings. When the mangal was in use it was filled with live coals, which kept red for some time. Two brass handles were attached to the contrivance, to carry it where needed. As a device for diffusing heat, it was not a great success, if viewed by modern standards; but was regarded as invaluable by Kurios Leonidas, who had brought it all the way from Smyrna. In its reservoir of coals he could always find a light for his narghile, a huge pipe, on which he sucked noisily for two hours each night after drinking his cup of black Turkish coffee. When brightly polished, this queer stove was a very gorgeous affair.

The fougous were little mangals without covers. They were made of black sheet-iron, and stood on four legs. They were used for

boiling pots, heating flat-irons, and for warming the servants' toes when the cold became insufferable.

We have seen that Kuria Leonidas took no part in the preparation of her husband's meals; neither did she trouble her head about other household cares. And why should she? Had she not brought her husband a fine *proek*, or *dot*, as the French call it -- fifty thousand drachmas in ready money? It was her boast that she did not know a leg of lamb from a soup-bone, and could not boil an egg. She was no cook indeed! Had she admitted the least knowledge of housewifely wisdom, her envious friends would have declared that she came of humble origin, and had been obliged to work at some time in her life. She would have considered this a greater disgrace than the brand of crime itself. Perhaps some of the gossips might have hinted that she had been a servant in her youth! Horrible! The very thought was enough to make her shudder.

On the windows of the drawing-room that looked out into the street, long slender elbow-pillows had been fitted. On these Kuria

Leonidas would rest her arms for hours while she peered into the street, chatting with her daughter or some female friend. These conversations were generally the reverse of edifying. They usually turned on the character or family history of some acquaintance, and the most scandalous surmises were advanced with all the plausibility of truth. The simplest happenings were magnified into the most disgraceful affairs. Early in her married life Kuria Leonidas developed into a creature differing greatly from the spirited, though plump and pretty Loukia Kastriotes. Picture a short meagre woman with big, snapping black eyes, luxuriant hair of the same colour, and without a grey thread in it. Add to these features thin lips, which she seemed to have some difficulty in keeping closed over her white but rather prominent teeth, a loud voice, and an irascible temper, and you have a fair idea of the lady as God in His wisdom had seen fit to make her. The power and quality of her voice she exhibited frequently when gossiping with occupants of windows across the way or at a considerable distance down the street. Several of her

neighbours were endowed by nature with similar vocal powers, and had improved the gift by continual practice, so that these ladies had established a primitive telephone system from one window to the other, in which the wire was quite unnecessary. It was truly a convenient arrangement for making calls, entirely obviating the necessity of dressing and going out.

Although Aneza's mother took no thought of the management of her household, she descended occasionally into the lower regions and gave the servants a voluble and high-pitched tongue-lashing. These descents were not due to any interest she took in culinary affairs, but were attributable directly to a psychological cause. The wrath which was continually gathering in her, vented itself periodically in storms of great violence. At such times the lady fairly danced in her rage and flung her arms about in many nervous Greeky gestures. The servants, so wise in such matters, understood the cause of these thunderstorms, and kept discreetly out of the way as much as possible. When the air was clear, everything went on as before, until the

Kuria found her nature again overcharged with electricity.

Spiridon himself, as he advanced in years, took on more and more the physical characteristics of a Greek of the best type. His stature was commanding, his eye bright, and his complexion florid. Although he had travelled in many countries, and seen the fashions of the principal races of men, he adhered to the Greek costume. He looked very picturesque in the voluminous fustanellas, while the Byronic collar and tight leggings became well his mighty chest and sturdy calves. The sea is ever the mother of strong old men. Hearing his laugh, like the roar of a lion, or feeling the grip of his nervy hand, one would have thought, "Here indeed is a Greek without guile." There are those in Athens to-day who recall the uprightness of his dealings with his fellow-citizens, and maintain that his intentions were righteous, even towards his godson.

Certain it is that he always treated the boy in the most affectionate manner, and that during Spiridon's life not even the Kuria dared to display her real feelings towards

that "young beggar," as she called Constantine under her breath, and whom she regarded as her daughter's rival in Spiridon's affections. Perhaps, she thought, the boy would even rob the girl of a portion of her inheritance.

"Who knows," she would ask her confidential friends, "to what length my husband's infatuation may carry him?"

His childish instinct taught Constantine very early to turn to Spiridon as his natural protector. His little lips learned to pronounce the word "Nouné" (godfather) almost as soon as other children say "mamma." It was "Nouné" here and "Nouné" there all day long, much to Spiridon's delight; and when the latter was not about the house, "Where's *nounos* now?" was a question that must be answered every few minutes. When Constantine reached the age of five years he had already developed into a very sturdy little fellow; so manly and bright did he grow, and so sweetly his character unfolded from day to day, that he would easily have won his way into a harder heart than that of his godfather. Almost from the first the

boy assumed an air of proprietorship over Aneza, and of protection, comical to see. Very early he showed himself an instinctive gentleman. When the pair went out to walk together with their dadá (nurse), Constantine would run and gather wild poppies or anemones for Aneza; if the old patriarch of a flock of goats raised his bewhiskered face from the pasturage, and looked inquiringly at them, the boy would step boldly to the front, and cry: "Don't be afraid; I 'll protect you."

As Aneza grew older, her dark beauty became the talk of the town, and people often looked back at her admiringly as they passed her on the street. Thus she became vain, even in her childhood, for a female of the human species learns that she is beautiful early in life if such be the fact, and then all at once she becomes a woman. Unfortunately, beauty can even be vain without growing wearisome, so Aneza grew into a creature of moods. She was sweet and sunny of disposition one moment, and pursing her pretty lips into a pout the next. She was exacting with her parents and with Constantine, and flew into a passion or a sulk if her slightest

wish were not gratified. Through it all Constantine treated her as though he were her natural superior in strength and intellect, and as though she were a weaker and more beautiful being privileged to do as she pleased. Aneza, on her part, admired Constantine more for his courage than for any other quality.

One first of May, when the boy was ten and the girl eight years of age, the family were returning in a carriage from a picnic in the country. They had lunched in a beautiful grove above the town of Marousi, and were bringing back flowers and a wreath to hang over the door; a tribute to that sweet goddess, Flora, who is still honoured, though a thousand years forgotten. The children, finding their limbs cramped in the carriage, asked permission to run by the wayside, that they might pluck the blood-red poppies and bunches of fragrant wild thyme. They lingered behind, unnoticed of the others, and suddenly two fierce shepherd-dogs, of the gaunt, wolfish kind so common in Greece, glided from among the pines and came snarling towards them. Aneza was too frightened even to

scream. She dropped her bouquet, and stood helpless, looking with blanched face at the really dangerous animals.

"Don't be afraid, Anezaki," said Constantine stoutly, "I'm here to protect you. I'll pitch into them, and you run and cry 'Help!'"

Who shall say that the very blood that flowed in the veins of Leonidas and the Spartan heroes had not trickled down the ages into the heart of this young Palikari? Picking up a stick he advanced on the animals. They did not run, but stood grinning with white teeth.

"Come on, you brutes," he cried, brandishing his club; "I'm no girl—I'm Constantine, and I'm not afraid of you. Do you hear? I'm not afraid of you." He struck a sharp blow at one of them, and, backing against an olive-tree, stood on the defensive. The savage animals kept running in at him, and jumping back again, snapping at his legs. The contest, fortunately for Constantine, was of short duration, for Aneza had in the mean time found her voice, and was running and shrieking with all the force of a very excel-

lent pair of lungs. Spiridon looked around, and seeing the boy, ran to his assistance. Two or three well-directed stones sent the dogs off growling, and Spiridon picked Constantine up and carried him back to the conveyance. He had been severely bitten on one leg, and the red blood began to show in a spreading stain on his white leggings.

"O, why did n't you let me alone?" he cried. "I'd have killed them both if you only had left me alone."

"My Palikaraki," said Spiridon proudly, "the cry of 'The Turk!' will never be a bugaboo to you."

Chapter IX

By the time Constantine had reached his sixteenth year he had made great progress in his studies at the Gymnasium of Athens. He had learned to write fairly good modern Greek, and to read Xenophon at sight. As his mind developed, so also his deep religious character grew in intensity. In the creed of the Greek Church he found everything necessary to fulfil his higher yearnings, and its beautiful ceremonials appealed to his mystical and poetic nature. A Christian in the best sense of the term, it is a high tribute to his intellect that he soon discredited many of those superstitions which the ignorant of all nations attach to their religions, and which are far from wanting among the Greek people. He and Aneza held many juvenile discussions concerning the supernatural. Wonder not that children of so tender an age should converse on such a subject, for here is ground on

which the oldest of us meet as children. Moreover, the observance of religious form cuts a larger figure in Greek life than in that of any other country. Every day in the year is consecrated to some saint or other, while fast and feast days follow each other with bewildering frequency. Amusements so common in Europe and America are almost unknown in Greece. This deficiency is supplied to a great extent by the theatrical ceremonials of the Church. The Greek nation is, and always has been, the Greek religion. While Constantine's mind seized instinctively the kernel of truth, Aneza's found its natural food in superstition. She had, for one thing, a more than wholesome fear of the Father of Lies, and always referred to him by the periphrasis, "The-go-away-from-here." If she heard any one say the word "devil," she hastily crossed herself; for she believed that the evil one smiled whenever his name was pronounced, regarding the circumstance as evidence of his popularity on earth.

She also believed that each house had its "iskios," or element, which became angry if left to its own devices, and manifested its

presence at night by uncanny noises. She had even heard of cases where people had seen the "iskios," and had suddenly dropped dead. The only way, according to Aneza, to rid the house of this unwelcome presence was to call in the priest to say a prayer and sprinkle the rooms with holy water. When the "iskios" was tranquil, Aneza said that the house was "light"; when angry, "heavy." She also believed that it was good to have a rooster about the premises, as the spirit might go into the body of this fowl, as of yore the devils took refuge in swine. Aneza received all this curious lore from her fat friend and confidant, the cook — a native of the Isle of Andros. Spiridon had secured this domestic from Andros, that island being celebrated for its excellent servants, especially cooks.

It is a curious fact that each island is famous in some one particular. Tenos supplies the best nurses; Chios, the best mastic; Hydra, the best sailors; Naxos, the shrewdest rogues, etc.

It may seem strange that Christian priests were found willing to connive at the laying of "spooks"; but there are two sides even to

this question. Perhaps it is well to teach the ignorant to seek Divine protection against imaginary dangers, and, for that matter, the wisest of us do not always distinguish between "spooks" and realities.

Constantine, among other things, did not believe in the "iskios"; and he usually referred to the Devil without circumlocution. One day he told Aneza that he was not afraid of the Devil, because God was stronger than the evil spirit, and would not allow him to hurt a good Christian.

"As for the 'iskios,'" said he, "that's all nonsense, and my teacher says it's the priest's duty to tell cook so. If he does n't, then it's because he's afraid he won't get another two drachmas for blessing the house."

It is the commonest thing in the world for Greek children to engage in protracted discussions on political or religious subjects, using words and sentences whose length would cause Macaulay to turn green with envy. Such a discussion now arose between Aneza and Constantine. The former, becoming worsted, finally took refuge in a fit of sulks.

"You 're a heathen!" said she.

"And you 're a silly girl," responded Constantine. "You ought to learn more letters and less nonsense."

"O, you think because you can read and write better than I, that you 're very smart, don't you, Mr. Bladderhead? I 'll never speak to you again, long 's I live; so there, now," and Aneza ran off crying.

Chapter X

Aneza pouted all day, and broke out with the subject that night at the dinner table. "What do you think?" she exclaimed to her father and mother, her glorious eyes opened wide with excitement; "Constantine says he is n't afraid of the 'Old-go-away-from-here,' and he does n't believe such a thing as an 'iskios' exists at all." Here she crossed herself and paused, awaiting the effect produced by this extraordinary statement.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed her mother.

"And he says that the priest does n't believe in the 'iskios' either, but only blesses the house for the two drachmas he gets."

"Holy Virgin!" repeated her mother, devoutly crossing herself in turn. "Don't you see, Spiridon, what comes of sending that boy so many years to school, where he gets his head filled with new-fangled ideas? How does it come that you, a good Christian,

should permit such things? Who knows what misfortune may befall us?"

But Spiridon was discussing a particularly good *dolmà* (chopped meat, mixed with rice and garlic, wrapped in cabbage leaves and boiled), a dish of which he was extremely fond, and therefore found it difficult to become interested in any less material subject. It was hard to stop the flow of his wife's eloquence when once she had gotten fully under way, so he merely exclaimed, "Boh, boh, boh," occasionally, in a conciliatory tone, devouring meanwhile *dolmà* after *dolmà* with an equanimity which exasperated the lady to still greater fluency.

"Did n't Mrs. Condoyannes, who sleeps upstairs with her husband and two children, in their house, in the same room, in another bed, hear some one with heavy boots on walk by her door every night slowly, slowly; then creak! creak! down the stairs; and then slowly, slowly, the whole length of the hall below; and then seem to go right on out through the end of the house? And did n't her husband, who is a brave man, go out into the hall with a light and a gun two or three times, and

though he still heard the steps, never a thing could he see?"

"Boh, boh, boh," said Spiridon, taking another *dolmà*.

"And then they called in a priest, and had the house blessed, and not a sound has been heard since. And no wonder, for a foreigner, a German, had been living there for three years before the Condoyannes moved in, and not a drop of holy water had been scattered about the place in all that time. And did not Mrs. Kalliorópoulos, who sleeps downstairs in her house, hear something go kruk! kruk! overhead every night? and did she not once open the door softly, softly, and peep out, and there, standing at the head of the first flight of steps, was a tall, white thing?"

"Holy Virgin!" whispered Aneza, crossing herself hurriedly.

Spiridon helped himself to another *dolmà*.

"I tell you, she closed the door—bang!—and locked it, and the next morning called the good father in very early. You will no doubt say that all this is mere superstition. Indeed," she continued, with a snort of indignation, though Spiridon had not said a word,

“you will be saying next that the very miracles are superstitions. Does not all the world know how once your ship sprung a leak—?”

“But I said nothing about superstitions, mother,” interrupted Spiridon mildly. “My, but these are good *dolmathes!*”

“No, but you thought it—don’t tell me you did n’t think it, and you encourage this boy in his blasphemous ideas, which is worse. Did n’t your ship once spring a leak, and the water run into the hold faster than the men could bail it out, and when you thought you were sinking you cried, ‘Holy Virgin, help us!’ and all at once the water ceased to come in, and soon the men had the ship dry, and then what did you find? Why, that a mullet had darted into the hole and stopped it up completely. And who but Spiridon Leonidas hung up a silver mullet in the Church of Our Lady of Miracles at Tenos? And there it hangs to this day. And who was with you but the father of this very boy? And a good Christian he was, too, as all the world knows. What would he think if he knew his son was being brought up a heathen? And what did you tell us all last summer, on your return from

your pilgrimage to this same Tenos? Did not a man of Syra come there to hang up in the church a silver image of his baby? He had been making *loukoumi*, and the little one had fallen into a kettle of boiling sugar; but he called on the Virgin, and the sugar cooled instantly, and there lay the babe unharmed, cooing and laughing as though it were in its own cradle. You and this educated young man of yours will be denying the miracles of the Virgin next, I fear. Surely, Callirrhoe is right, 't is high time indeed to have the house blessed, now that we have two heathens in it!"

That evening, while Spiridon was seated by the mangali, puffing away peacefully at his narghile, he found himself alone with Constantine a few moments.

"Well, my boy," said he, "what a tempest you brought about my ears with your new-fangled notions. Are you then really becoming such a heathen?"

"Why, no, Nouné," replied the boy; "I don't believe I'm becoming a heathen at all. I certainly believe in the miracles of the Holy Virgin."

“So do I, so do I!” ejaculated the other heartily; “when did I ever say the contrary? But I’ve been long on sea, my lad, and long on land, and I have learned there are two things which human power cannot control—one is the wind, and the other a woman’s tongue.”

Chapter XI

Constantine was of so kindly and ingenuous a nature that he could not endure the thought that any one whom he cared for was angry with him, and Aneza's displeasure caused him peculiar discomfort. Why, he could not understand. Finding her still sulking, despite all his efforts to propitiate her, he comforted himself with the thought that Easter Day was drawing near, when Christian brothers and sisters exchanged the kiss of holy love and all the world makes peace.

On the evening of the Great Saturday, Constantine went into the church and listened faithfully to the long Easter service. He did this, partly because he understood the words, and they seemed very beautiful to him, and partly because he hoped Aneza would see him when he lighted his candle with all the others, and would notice how devout he was. At a quarter to twelve the worshippers within the

building set their candles burning simultaneously, and, as if by magic, the nave and pillared aisles glowed with a soft radiance. The golden frames of the sacred images, the innumerable candlesticks, the splendid figure of the Metropolitan, reflected back the yellow rays. The painted saints upon the walls became distinguishable, — venerable old men with long beards, and chubby-faced women with conventional halos about their heads, — while the personages of the gigantic tableau bended on the dome high above looked dimly down, as though from that heaven of shadows which too often exists in the doubting minds of men.

Constantine looked eagerly about him, and his disappointment was great at not being able to see Aneza anywhere. Then the procession with the square banners, the cross, and the holy symbols held aloft, filed slowly down the main aisle and into the open air. Constantine followed with the others, his candle still burning, and a beautiful sight met his gaze without. The square in front of the building was ablaze with thousands of lighted candles, twinkling bewilderingly, as though

a patch of heaven, where stars are thickest, had fallen to earth, and the streets and lanes leading off from the central throng seemed so many milky ways, more sparsely bestarred as the distance increased, and finally dying out in space and limitless darkness.

A temporary platform had been erected in front of the sacred edifice, and there the principal personages of the State and of the Civic Government were waiting. Among these, after majestically mounting the steps, the reverend Metropolitan took his place, and continued the reading of the service. Finally he raised his eyes and looked about over the expectant throng, and a great hush fell, in the midst of which his voice could be heard, solemn, distinct, exultant, like the voice of some prophet of old.

He proclaimed in the beautiful language of Greece, "Christ is arisen!" No mere prophecy now, but the declaration of that sublime fulfilment for which the ages had awaited. As he said the word, every man, woman, and child replied, as with one voice, "Indeed He is arisen!" And all the myriad stars were raised and lowered three times in

unison—once for the Father, once for the Son, and once for the Holy Ghost. Then immediately the little patch of heaven, and the milky ways, scattered through space. Soon, in the principal thoroughfares, in the byways, in the distant streets leading up to the Hill of Lycabettus and the Acropolis, could be seen wandering stars, either singly or in groups, and when one Christian met another the kiss of peace was given, and the salutation was heard: “Christ is arisen!” followed by the reply, “Indeed He is, my brother,” or “Indeed He is, my sister!”

Such of the worshippers as were most devout returned into the church, where they partook of communion, and listened to a continuation of the services, even till daylight. These Constantine followed, expecting to find Aneza and the remainder of the family within. What was his disappointment to see only the Kuria there, in company with several other ladies. The object of his search had evidently gone forth with her father to exchange salutations with such friends as they might meet. Constantine started on a vague tramp about the town, in hopes of meeting

Aneza, still carrying his candle, whose feeble light assisted his footsteps in the shadow of buildings, or when the moon went under a cloud. Street lamps were few and far between, and consisted only of lanterns held out from the corners of houses by long arms of iron. Lamps were supplied with olive oil, and gave forth but a dim and smoky glimmer.

Many people greeted Constantine, and he replied as a good Christian should, but without pausing for further conversation. As he went on, the desire to see Aneza increased within him and hurried his footsteps. First love, that wine of Adam's vintage, and old as the world itself, was working in his young veins. He was like one who has drunk of some rare liquor, which he did not feel at the moment, but whose influence suddenly thrilled through him afterwards. He had kissed Aneza many times, but never as he would kiss her now.

Finally he beheld her standing at a street corner with her father and a number of friends. The group were holding lighted candles and chatting together gaily. She was above him, for that part of the city lay

on the side of a hill. At the moment of recognizing her among the group, a strange thing happened to Constantine. His heart suddenly stopped beating, and a pain shot through it as at the thrust of a keen knife. He became faint for an instant, and felt himself reeling as one wounded to the death. Then he recovered himself with a gasp, and knew that he loved Aneza.

He remembered afterwards that her position above him seemed to give her a sort of spiritual exaltation.

One moment, and all the world was changed for him, and he comprehended his new world at a glance—something as a life history flashes through the brain of a dying man. In the near deep sky of Attica the moon was riding as gloriously as when in old days its splendour begot worship in the souls of men. The great golden orb was low down over Hymettus, which lay distinct as a silhouette, and straight against the lighter background of sky. All the heavens were full of great white stars that shook and trembled like priceless diamonds at a prince's throat, or dewdrops that blaze into sudden

beauty at the coming of the morning sun. All was familiar, and yet everything seemed different.

He could plainly see Aneza's pretty little slippers embroidered in gold, and her dainty ankles beneath the short skirt. She wore a jacket, also embroidered, and a fez like her father's, with a tassel that drooped over one shoulder as low as her waist. As she held aloft her candle, her immense open sleeve, filled with white lace, fell away from the plump arm. Constantine thought of the dimple at her elbow, and knew that he could have seen it had he been nearer. About her neck was a double string of pearls, that gleamed in the moonlight, and intensified the dark loveliness of her face. Finally the others of the party went their way, leaving Aneza and her father standing alone.

While they gazed about them for a moment, as though undecided where to go next, Constantine came up, and kissing his godfather on the lips, said: "Christ is arisen, Nouné," and the older man replied, "Indeed He is arisen, my son." Then he kissed Aneza, stammering, "Christ is arisen,

my sister," and she started, and, looking shyly at him, whispered demurely, "Indeed He is arisen, my brother."

"Well, my boy," cried Spiridon heartily, "so you have been prowling around alone, have you? This is fortunate; now that we 're all together, we 'll go home. Our candles are just about long enough to last us till we get there."

They walked in silence together through the narrow and crooked streets, till finally, at a crossing, Spiridon stopped suddenly, and asked, "Where did you leave your mother? Did she go home, or is she still at the church?" Being informed that she was at the latter place, he directed Constantine, to his unspeakable joy, to take Aneza home, adding, "I 'll go over to the church and bring your mother."

The young people walked on alone for a while in silence, holding their candles straight before them, and watching intently the flickering flames as though fascinated. Then, without a word of warning, Constantine blew them both out, and putting his arm about Aneza, held her yielding body closely to his side.

Thus they went on until they had passed through the iron gate of their own yard. Down the crunching gravel walk they went, where the white moonlight sifted through trees and vines. Beneath their feet lay leaves and branches in fantastic tracery, like the designs of some barbaric carpet, but when the great pine tree threw its cloak of fragrant shade about them, Constantine pressed Aneza to his breast, and called her many sweet Romaic love names. "My soul!" he whispered, "my light! my life! my eyes! my heart! my love!" and at every sweet name that he called her he kissed her unresisting lips. There was no impassioned burst of love eloquence, no fervent pleading; simply the sweet names and the kisses. All at once Constantine paused, "But you must say that you love me," he whispered; "you do love me, don't you, Anezaki?" This question he repeated several times, without eliciting any reply from Aneza, who seemed provokingly interested in digging a little hole in the gravel with the toe of her slipper.

"Sh!" she exclaimed at last, "I hear father and mother coming." Constantine lis-

tened, but could hear nothing. Two or three times was the question repeated, two or three times did Aneza repeat her coquettish ruse, and deeper and deeper grew the little hole in the gravel. Finally the iron gate actually creaked on its hinges, and well-known voices were heard at the other end of the garden. Aneza glanced shyly up at Constantine with her starry eyes, hesitated, then threw both her plump, bare arms about his neck. How brief was that supreme moment! Yet Constantine remembered it afterwards in the solitude of the distant city, on the sea, and on the mountains. All the happiness and all the misery of the rest of his life centred about that tiny fragment of time. Ere he realised that she was gone, Aneza had kissed him and fled noiselessly into the house. He still felt the dew of her caress delicately evaporating upon his lips; there was a sense of cold about his neck where her arms had been taken away, and he was faintly conscious that he was breathing a familiar perfume.

He was surprised a moment afterwards to hear the crunch of his own feet on the gravel,

and to find that he was walking briskly to meet his godfather and Kuria Leonidas.

The next morning at coffee Constantine did not see Aneza, and at the noon breakfast she did not look at him, but kept her eyes fixed intently on her plate.

In the afternoon, on his return from school, he saw Aneza sitting in her little garden, embroidering a piece of cloth with gold thread, and singing a song familiar to her childhood:

“What delight ! O, what delight !

Since you come, O swallow—”

He sat down by her, and putting up his closed hand said, because he felt awkward and could think of nothing else to do, “Let’s play ‘Mora.’”

“No,” she replied, without raising her eyes; “we’re too old now.”

Chapter XII

Constantine remained but a short time in Greece after this. His mind was active, inquiring, and independent, and by the time he was nineteen years of age there was not much more for him to learn in the schools of Athens, as they then existed. His remarkable progress was a source of great pleasure to Spiridon, who, a man of natural ability, though uneducated, loved to sit over the mangali and talk with the boy about the "new ideas" which the latter was absorbing. Nor were these conversations entirely one-sided as to interchange of thought. Spiridon had visited all the ports of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azov, and had made journeys in the *Two Brothers* up the Danube River. He had visited Vienna at one extreme of his wanderings, and Marseilles at the other, so that his mind was not stubborn and provincial, like that of his wife or

daughter. He had, moreover, many entertaining stories to tell of peoples whom he had seen, and he was even inclined to be tolerant to the religious beliefs of others. Between the old man and the young there grew up an intimacy of comradeship more touching than that which usually exists between father and son.

One day Constantine came home from school very much amused over an incident that had occurred during the recitation in astronomy. He related the circumstance to his godfather and the Kuria. It seemed that the instructor had been explaining that the majority of the visible stars were suns lighting other worlds, and the very natural speculation had arisen as to whether those other planets were inhabited. Constantine, who was of a poetical turn, of course took the affirmative in the discussion which followed. He was bitterly opposed by three young students for the priesthood, who maintained that the sun, moon, and stars were made simply to show forth the glory and goodness of God to man. The instructor took the part of Constantine, and at this the embryo priests

became greatly excited, and flounced from the room, declaring that they would not remain to be instructed in blasphemy.

"And quite right they were too," said Kuria Leonidas. "What nonsense, indeed, to say that men live in the stars! In the first place they are not big enough. Even the moon, which is the biggest of them all, is no larger than a Kaskavali cheese. That men should live on it, indeed!"

"But, mana," said Constantine, pleasantly, "the moon is a long way off, and seems smaller than it is. Most of the stars are many times bigger than our world that we live on. They are millions of miles away, and so seem mere points of light.

"Bah, bah, bah!" exclaimed the Kuria, for the Greek invariably breaks out into a series of "bah, bah, bahs" whenever he wishes to throw discredit on your statements.

"Even if they are as far away as Poros, and as large as you say, they would n't seem so small as they do. It takes a day to go to Poros when the wind is fair. I could walk to the moon in two hours if there was any way to get there."

Spiridon sighed but said nothing. If he regretted that such a way did not exist, he was too good-natured to make an unkind remark.

The Kuria went to the window and looked up at the glorious sky.

“What idiocy!” she cried. “Can I not see how far away the stars are?” Then she crossed herself devoutly, and went into a work-room where a hand-loom for weaving much of the cloth worn by the family was kept busy many hours of the day; for, to tell the truth, the Kuria had not been allowed to pass so idle a youth as she would fain have had her neighbours believe. She could not read a line, and there were not always others of her own sex near at hand with whom to gossip. To the weaving-room she repaired for diversion, therefore, when her aristocratic indolence became insupportable; and it was said that she sometimes worked the machine herself, with her own bird-claw-like hands, and that, too, with great skill.

After she was gone Spiridon puffed away for many minutes upon his narghile, making the water bubble vigorously in its glass reser-

voir. Such was his habit when thinking. The louder the water bubbled in his narghile, the harder he was thinking.

“That’s a wonderful thought about the stars, my boy,” said he, at last. “And I can easily understand it. When you are at sea, a distant mountain at first seems like the smallest object imaginable. As you sail towards it, it grows larger and larger, until by and by the shores of an island appear to grow out of the water. And when you come to the island, you cruise along by its side for two or three days, or maybe a week. Perhaps many of the inhabitants have never been to sea, and think of their own little patch of land as the whole world. So it is likely enough with the stars, who knows?”

It is not probable that Spiridon, left to himself, would ever have noticed any change in the relations between Aneza and Constantine. In obedience to Aneza’s earnest injunction, the boy had said nothing to his godfather of the scene in the garden, and to the Kuria he could not have mentioned a matter that seemed so sacred and so delicate to him. That lady, however, soon suspected

that something was on foot of which she had not been informed. Possibly her first intimation arose from feminine instinct—from that power of second-sight which all women possess to a greater or less degree. After the idea had once occurred to her, she watched the couple closely, and it seemed to her that they were very often together of late; that Constantine's colour heightened when he heard Aneza's step or voice, and the girl herself was not so frank and childish in her deportment towards Constantine as formerly. To the latter she said nothing; judging from what her own conduct would be in such a case, she took for granted that he would lie to her. Aneza she questioned, but the girl was too sharp for her; she therefore attacked Spiridon on the subject, with a course of henpeckery more persistent and more annoying than anything he had ever before experienced in the whole course of his married life.

She chose the seclusion of the nuptial chamber for these pleasing diversions, and filled those hours which he would have gladly devoted to sleep with the clatter of her cease-

less tongue. Often Spiridon, before getting into bed, would look up at the benevolent countenance of his patron saint, and, crossing himself devoutly, would whisper to himself: "O holy Nicholas, who so often didst protect me on the great deep, save me this night from the squalls of matrimony!"

"You need n't tell me," said the Kuria, one night after a long tirade, "that there is nothing going on between that boy and girl, and who knows how it may turn out? Perhaps they will run away and get married; perhaps something worse will happen, and then you will never be able to marry our Aneza without giving half you possess as a *proeka*."

"O, bah, bah, bah!" replied Spiridon; "you don't know that boy; he would n't do anything dishonourable."

"O, he would n't, hey—he, with his heathen ideas,—and I don't suppose the beggar would run away with Aneza and marry her? I tell you, Spiridon, you have been warming a viper in your bosom all these years."

"No; I don't even believe he would run away with her without telling me beforehand; and if the two should get married, what harm

would it do? I, for one, should be pleased," blurted out Spiridon stoutly, but the next moment he regretted his courage, and was inclined to believe that he had been foolhardy instead of brave.

"What!" screamed his wife, now thoroughly aroused, "have you gone crazy? Holy Virgin! But I'll have you know, sir, that this girl is my daughter, and I'll not have you marry her to a beggar; I'm a very mild and peaceable woman, as you well know, but I shall not permit you to drag us all down into disgrace; you put a nice sum of money into your pocket when you married me, and now for once in my life, I'll have something to say." And so on for a good hour, Spiridon discreetly remaining quiet. "Why don't you say anything, you animal?" she demanded at last. "Are you asleep?"

"No, my soul," he groaned; "I'm not asleep—surely not asleep." Here the lady broke into a violent storm of tears.

"Holy Nicholas!" muttered Spiridon; "first wind and then rain, what next?"

Chapter XIII

About this time Spiridon was making his memorable run for the Voulé, or Greek House of Parliament. With what vigour he conducted his campaign some of the old residents of Athens still remember. There are those living to-day who have sat for hours with him in Barbandone's wineshop, or in one of the principal cafés, or have heard him harangue the people from Constitution Square. But he was bitterly opposed; dark hints were thrown out by political adversaries as to the source of his wealth, while his homely and ungrammatical efforts as a public speaker were much ridiculed. In this latter function Constantine was of great assistance to him.

Spiridon would stride up and down the drawing-room, rehearsing his intended speeches, while the boy listened, correcting pronunciation, substituting pure Greek for

the rude, mixed idioms of the sailor class; and even making shrewd hints as to what should or should not be said. Under this tuition the would-be Congressman really made great improvement in every particular except that of pronunciation. His vocal organs had been trained in youth among the simple and ignorant fisher-folk of the Western Ægean, and nothing could prevent his talking in their guttural style. Often Constantine, after his godfather had finished a long oration, would repeat the substance of the entire speech, embellishing it with the pedantic language of the schools, and adorning his delivery with gestures which he was wont to imagine when reading the speeches of Demosthenes; then his pupil would become greatly excited, and would clap his hands, crying, "That's right, give it to 'em, my boy!" After Constantine had finished he would sigh, and say, "Ah, if you could speak in my place, my boy, we should win."

Despite all his efforts, Spiridon was defeated and forced to retire into private life. It may have been partly the result of this, and partly to remove the cause of his wife's con-

tinual henpecking, that he announced his intent of sending Constantine to Germany to complete his education. Since the accession of King Otho to the throne, much interest had been aroused in Greece in the German language and letters, and Spiridon declared that he would give his godson the best education possible.

"Do so," exclaimed the Kuria with a sneer. "Make him a thorough barbarian while you're about it."

"He shall come back," replied Spiridon, "and become Prime Minister. If I'd have known more than I do, I'd be in the Voulé to-day."

When Constantine was first informed of his godfather's intention, his delight knew no bounds; but as the time for departure approached, sadness at the idea of parting from Aneza, whom he had thus far seen every day of his life, increased within him until he became almost ill with a sort of anticipatory homesickness. That the girl loved him devotedly at that time there can be no doubt. She occupied herself during the last days making little mementos of fancy work for

him, and he often saw tears in her big brown eyes. Then he would whisper, if they were alone together for the moment, "Don't cry, Anezaki; I 'll come back before you know it, and be a great man, and you shall be my wife." Whereupon she would smile, and he would declare that he saw rainbows in her eyes.

One afternoon Spiridon and Constantine took a walk out beyond the ancient theatre of Dionysus, then buried beneath the sands that had fallen from the feet of two thousand hurrying years. They climbed the hill where stands the ruined monument of Philopappos, and sitting down looked upon the distant sea, red in the rays of the setting sun. The older man pointed to the ocean with his staff, and his heart leaped with joy. He even inhaled a long breath, as though he could smell the sweet salt-water from afar. But Constantine, when he saw the glimmering stretches of silver and blood-red, and the ships that looked so little in the distance, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is it, my boy?" asked Spiridon, "are you so sorry at the thought of leaving your Nounos?"

“Yes, Nouné,” replied Constantine, controlling his emotion with a brave effort. “I am very sorry indeed to part with you.”

Spiridon laid his hand tenderly on that of his godson, and the two sat in silence for some time. Finally the boy confessed boldly, like the manly young fellow that he was.

“Nouné,” said he, “you’ve always dealt so honestly with me, and so tenderly, that I’ll not deceive you, even by a half-truth. You’ve been father and mother to me, when I had n’t any one else on earth; and more, you’ve been my dear old Nounos. I am indeed sorry to part with you, and I should be very ungrateful if the thought of going away did not make tears come into my eyes. But I was not thinking of you just then, when I saw the great sea, and the ships that seem fading away into the sky. Don’t be angry with me. It was of Aneza I was thinking. We’ve been together always. I can scarcely remember a day that I’ve not seen her. When I think of leaving you, dear old Nouné, I’m very sad, for I love you; but then I am at the same time filled with joy, because I know I shall strive to do great things and be

worthy of you. I know also that I am a man, and a true Greek, and must take my part in the world as such, and that by so doing I will make you proud of me. But with Aneza it is different. I try to reason in the same way when her image comes up in my mind, but I can't. In leaving her behind, I feel as though I were going away without my soul—my heart. I feel as though my body would be living in a foreign land and my life would be here in Greece. I try to reason that the time will pass quickly till I come back again, which is no doubt the truth, but the thought of being away from her at all is like death to me."

"Does Aneza know this?" asked Spiridon.

"She does. I have told her that I love her—I could n't help it."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she loved me. She said she would be my wife when I returned and became a great man."

Spiridon sat in reflection for many minutes, and during that time Constantine imagined that he could hear his own heart beating plainly.

"I am very glad you told me all this," said the older man at last, heartily, and without the least show of displeasure, "because it proves to me again, what I already believed, that my boy would not deceive me in anything. And now that you have opened your heart to me, I will say to you frankly that this matter pleases me greatly. I have long since hoped for this very thing. You are the son of my best friend, and my own godson, bound to me closer even than if by ties of blood—"

"Oh, Nouné," cried the young man, leaping to his feet, "how good you are, and how happy I am."

"This arrangement," continued Spiridon, "will make you indeed my son, and will allow me to carry out to the fullest degree the promise I made to your poor father."

"How I will work and study over there," exclaimed Constantine. "I'll make even mana proud of me."

"We'll say nothing to mana at present," replied Spiridon, with a sigh. "Some day she will look at matters as I do. In the mean time you must be as kind and gentle-

manly to your mana as you always have been, and do your work. Everything will come out right in the end."

The mention of the Kuria threw a restraint over both Spiridon and his godson that resulted in silence during most of the walk home.

But just before they arrived at the familiar gate Constantine suddenly stopped, as is the custom of Greeks when an idea occurs during a walk, and said with much earnestness: "Nouné, the day after to-morrow I go away. I would n't do anything to deceive mana, and yet I would like to have just one little talk with Aneza before I leave,—just to have her to myself for a little while and no one to spoil our parting.

And to this, too, Spiridon agreed. Perhaps he had been in love himself when young,—who knows? If so, let us hope it had not been with the Kuria; for death itself is not so sad as disillusionment.

The next day the three took a walk, and when they had come into the country, Spiridon went off by himself and left the lovers to say their farewell alone. Then Constantine told

Aneza what so many a woman and girl has heard before. It is true he had already told her once, but this is a story that bears repetition. Very hopefully he talked. While he held his beloved in his arms, it seemed as though the years of separation were a mere episode. Yes, they seemed to him already passed, and for the moment he regarded himself returned, covered with honour and claiming her as his very own, with no one to say him nay. A feeling of tenderness came over him for all the world, even his godfather's wife. He could feel Aneza tremble in his arms as he called her again all the sweet Romaic love-names, and told her it was surely fixed that she was to be his wife, because her father was their friend in the matter. "And we must bring mana around by kindness," he said. "You must be ever so good to her while I'm gone, and I shall always treat her with the greatest respect, no matter what she says, and so she will come to agree to it." Then he bent back her head and tried to see her eyes, but she kept them covered with the long, dark lashes. He kissed them both many times and told her to open them, because it was dark while they

were shut, and in that sweet moment she believed Constantine was the only man in the world, and said: "I do love you, Constantine; I do, I do. I will always love you and be your Anezaki, and nobody else's. And I'll do whatever you say, and pray our blessed Lady every day to bless you and keep you, and I'll only live for the time when you come back."

"And I shall be back soon, as if it were to-morrow, and then we shall be married, as God intended from the beginning of the world; for am I not Constantine, and are you not Aneza? And now, our good-bye kiss."

And she kissed him with her whole soul, as a woman kisses the accepted king of her life.

Chapter XIV

So Constantine went to Munich to study the classics and Bavarian law, and to dream of Aneza. His nouns accompanied him in a caique down the Saronic Gulf to Kalamaki, and the two crossed the isthmus together on mules to the ancient city of Corinth. There Constantine parted from his godfather, and went on board a sailing-vessel bound for Venice by way of the Adriatic Sea. From Venice he crossed the Tyrol by stage, and found himself at last in Munich. Of his life there it is not our purpose to give an extended account. Suffice to say that he greatly distinguished himself as a student, winning high praise, especially in the Greek classics. German he had studied at the young University of Athens, and soon spoke it with perfect command, and without any trace of a foreign accent. His clear and vital comprehension of Greek was shown by the fact that

often, when asked to explain a passage of Æschylus or Sophocles, difficult to the other students, he would look puzzled, and repeat the lines in Greek, replying respectfully in the same tongue, "Why, it means what it says; I cannot express it better." On the other hand, if asked to translate into German, he would do so immediately. Following the advice of a German instructor of the University of Athens, he laid aside his native dress before appearing in the streets of Munich. His first recitation in a Greek class in the latter city is still a legend among college men. Being asked to read a passage of Demosthenes, he complied with much fluency and considerable fire. For several moments after he had taken his seat profound silence ensued, broken at last by the professor, who inquired sternly, "Where in the world did you learn your extraordinary pronunciation of Greek, sir?" "In Athens," innocently replied Constantine; and was astonished a moment afterwards to hear his fellow-students burst into a loud shout of laughter, as though a particularly good thing had been said at somebody's expense. The professor should

be given the credit of having shown himself a sensible man in Constantine's case, for he made an exception, and allowed the young Greek to pronounce his native tongue as he had learned it in childhood. This was wise, for when Constantine pronounced Greek as he knew it, he proved himself the only student in the class who could actually speak the language, and who could read it at sight with perfect understanding. It must be added, however, that the German professor never would admit that Greek was anything but a dead language, and he insisted that all his other pupils should pronounce it according to a dead method. But then, when a German professor gets an idea into his head, there is no way of removing the idea without removing the head, and that method is fatal. So, as the Greeks say, "What can you do?"

Constantine's student life, on the whole, was similar to that of hundreds of other young men who have studied in Germany, with the exception that he pursued his work with unflagging zeal, which, unfortunately, does not always happen. The letters that he wrote home were directed to his *nounos*, and

were written in the colloquial style best fitted for the old man's understanding. They contained cheerful, manly descriptions of his life in a foreign land, and were enlivened by many amusing incidents. They spoke often, also, of his ambitions and hopes, and had now and then a touching bit of homesickness, showing that his heart was still in that beautiful land which no true Greek ever forgets. The feature of nature which he seemed most to miss during his exile was Mount Hymettus. In every one of his letters he spoke of it, showing that he had vivid memories of its appearance at all seasons of the year and under all circumstances. "How I long," he said, in one letter written in the month of August, "once more to see the light that comes on Mount Hymettus, just after the setting of the summer sun, when all the world is cool and quiet and dim, and off there in the mysterious distance lies a huge bank of violet more lovely than the mountains of earth. No wonder our great forefathers peopled the hills, streams, and winds with immortal beings. Nature is at all times so lovely in Greece, it suggests a happier race

than ours." At another time, writing in the late autumn, he longed to see Hymettus wreathed fantastically in clouds along its entire summit; and once, in the spring, he spoke of the mountain standing out distinct and dark against the sky, while the great yellow moon peeped cautiously from behind it, and then glided boldly into the carnival heavens. An incident referred to in one of his letters shows how serious a thing to Constantine was his love for Aneza. He did not himself describe his duel with the bully of the junior class in boastful language, nor in fact give a very full account of it, but one of the tutors wrote of the matter to Spiridon in bombastic and pedantic ancient Greek.

It seems that the affair had come to the ears of the faculty, who, after hearing both sides of the question, had inflicted upon Constantine nothing severer than a reprimand, coupled with the warning not to commit the offence again. Duelling was against the rules, but the serious old Herr doctors had all been rollicking students in their younger days, and the details of a spirited encounter thrilled them like a strain of martial music

does an old war-horse when it floats faintly into the solemn domains of his pasture. Their voices were severe and dry, but their eyes flashed betrayingly, and they fidgetted uneasily in their seats.

The facts in the case appear to have been about as follows:

One evening a number of students, among whom was Constantine, were sitting around a table in a favourite resort, smoking huge pipes, and discussing the excellent beer for which the town is noted. As the hour grew late, the merriment grew louder. Toasts were proposed and replied to. Mugs were noisily rapped on the table, and rollicking songs were roared out in chorus. A President of the Board having been elected, that functionary decided that every one present must either tell an original story, or sing a song never before heard by the remainder of the company. When Constantine's turn arrived, he announced, amidst a chorus of "hochs!" that he would sing a song which he had himself composed and set to music. He explained modestly, that although the song was a poor little thing, the toastmaster's hard conditions

obliged him to give it. He then sang, in a deep bass voice, the following, as nearly as the words can be translated into English:

I know a cellar where the wine
Like prisoned sunshine gleams,
And some old legend of the Rhine
In every bottle dreams.

There, while the smoke wreaths interlace,
Or settle thin and grey,
We troll brave songs in German bass
To frighten care away.

We care no whit for prince or king,
Nor praise of fickle crowds ;
We puff our meerschaums while we sing,
And dwell among the clouds.

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted the students gaily.
"Who ever knew that Constantine was a poet?"

"He's a genuine troubadour," said one;
"he writes a song and sings it himself."

"Shall we have a second Tyrtæus?" asked another.

"Hardly that, for Greece is done fighting for the present."

"I'll write drinking-songs," said Constantine good-humouredly.

“Oh, that won’t do,” exclaimed the bully, winking at his neighbour, “we could not let you waste your great talents on so trivial a subject. After war, the only worthy theme is love. What a pity the Greek women are not charmers, as they were in the days of Phryne and Aspasia. With such inspiration we should expect to hear something great from you in the future!”

“I assure you,” replied Constantine, “my countrywomen are as beautiful as they ever were; indeed, I believe they are the most beautiful women in the world, and if I do not sometime write a suitable poem about them, it will be because I’m unworthy the subject.”

A sudden hush fell upon the gay assembly. The bully was well known as a skilful swordsman, and one of those present bore upon his cheek a mark of his skill. Constantine, on the other hand, though an unknown quantity in brawls, was foremost in manly exercises, and very fond of practice with the foils, which he handled with great address. It remained to be seen if he possessed sufficient nerve to defend his convictions.

"I've an uncle now in Greece," continued the bully, "who went over there to a little town called Herakleia, near Athens, to teach the natives something about wine culture. "He's in despair, however; he finds them very stupid."

"Herakleia is peopled with German colonists. Perhaps that's the trouble," said Constantine.

This retort raised a laugh from the good-natured students and infuriated the bully. "But to return to the women," continued the latter, "my uncle writes that they are a set of scarecrows; that there is n't a handsome woman in Greece. He even intimates that their much-vaunted virtue is attributable to their unattractive appearance. Ah, well, every one to his taste. It's strange, since you admire your countrywomen so, that one has n't captivated your poetic soul. Ah, behold those telltale blushes, gentlemen. I propose a vote of thanks to Constantine's little Greek sweetheart. I see her now, round face, thick lips, swarthy skin—"

"Stop!" cried Constantine in a loud voice, suddenly pushing back his chair; then, con-

trolling himself as far as possible, he said, "If your uncle has given you such an opinion of Greek women, he's a blackguard and a liar, and I'm sorry that he is n't here, so that I could pull his nose."

"Don't let that disturb you," said the bully sarcastically; "I know my uncle to be a gentleman of truth, and will assume all responsibility for his statements."

"Then," said Constantine, "I shall pull your nose."

He arose, pushed his chair back with determination, and walked rapidly around the table. When he had reached the side on which the bully was seated, that gentleman leaped to his feet, and hurled a half-emptied beer-mug at Constantine's head. The latter dodged, and in a moment the two closed. Great excitement prevailed. The non-combatants sprang to their feet crying, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Shame! Shame!" and rushed forward to pull the two apart. Before this was effected, the table was tipped over, beer-mugs and chairs being scattered about the room. Finally Constantine found himself on one side of the table and his ad-

versary on the other, each panting with rage and violent exertion, and each held by about one half the occupants of the cellar.

"I challenge you to meet me to-morrow with swords," cried the bully.

"I'll fight you now," shouted Constantine, "but first I must pull your nose. I said I would, and I will." Here he made a desperate but unavailable effort to free himself.

"Save your strength," said a young man, who was always foremost in advocating fighting when he was not personally concerned in it; "save your strength for the field of honour." Then leaping upon a chair, he continued, "Gentlemen, words have been said here to-night, deeds have been committed that can only be wiped out with blood. That's the way I should feel were I one of the principals; that's the way any one of you would feel. Thus, I'm sure, being men of courage, the principals themselves feel. The sooner, therefore, we have this unpleasant business over, the better." To this all agreed. Adjournment was made to the apartments of a well-known fencing-master, who willingly furnished everything necessary for the en-

counter. Seconds were chosen, and the two young men, stripped to the waist, stood facing each other, their swords in their hands. German students' duels have been described so many times, it would be a mere repetition to give a detailed account of this. Suffice to say that the opponents seemed very evenly matched at first, and that Constantine gave and received several of those ugly cuts which adorn the faces of so many graduates of the German universities. Gradually, however, he gained the advantage of his adversary, and finally, by a skilful turn of his powerful wrist, succeeded in disarming him. Springing forward, he placed his foot upon the fallen weapon, and holding his own aloft cried, "Whoever interferes now, be it one or all, must settle with me."

Dropping his sword to the floor with a clang, he sprang upon the bully, seizing him around the waist. None of the spectators moved from his place except the fencing-master, who danced back and forth in professional agony, wringing his hands and exclaiming: "But this is so irregular! So irregular!"

The contest was of short duration, Constantine's superior strength showing itself immediately; his sinewy arms sank into the bully's sides and bent him back until it seemed as though each convulsive hug would crack the bully's spinal column. During perhaps half a minute, which seemed at least half an hour to the onlookers, the two contestants swayed back and forth, and then fell heavily to the floor. There was a short, vicious struggle on the hard boards, and then Constantine appeared on top, holding his opponent's arms pinioned to the floor. Unexpectedly he let go with his right hand, and seizing the bully's nose, gave the unoffending organ an artistic tweak.

"Greek women don't suit you, eh?" said Constantine between his teeth. Springing nimbly to his feet he recovered his hat and sword, and making a low bow, asked, "Has any gentleman anything to say?" No gentleman having anything to say, Constantine left the smoky and dusty room, followed by the most of the students, who insisted upon returning to the drinking-cellar with him, where they made a lion of him.

The bully remained with his second and two or three particular friends, but what plans for revenge were plotted was never known, as no demonstration was made by the defeated party.

"But why on earth did you pull his nose?" asked a student of mental and moral philosophy, a close friend of Constantine's.

"Because," replied the latter, "he had publicly slandered my countrywomen, an insult which could only be wiped out by publicly disgracing or killing him. I chose the former course."

Whereupon the student of mental and moral philosophy embarked upon a two-years' course of original research on the subject of the "human nose," the result of which he published in a paper now on file in the university library. His title literally translated means, "The nose as the seat of honour in the Human Biped," and the theory suggested is ably defended by the inductive method of reasoning.

Spiridon had not been able to make much sense of the German professor's letter, written as it was in stilted ancient Greek. He there-

fore called in Constantine's Athenian teacher, who translated it into the modern vernacular in the presence of Aneza, the Kuria, and Spiridon himself. Aneza's cheeks burned during the reading, and her eyes glowed, but she said nothing. The professor paused frequently to shout, "Zeto, Palikari, zeto!" Spiridon joining in.

"He's a ruffian," said the Kuria, as she flounced out of the room at the end of the reading. She could see no good in Constantine.

Chapter XV

Constantine sometimes took advantage of the Kuria's inability to read to enclose a few lines to Aneza in his letters to his nunos, and the contraband missives were faithfully turned over to the girl without her mother's knowledge, although the latter no doubt suspected that she was being deceived, and this fact added to her hatred of Constantine.

Love letters are sacred literature; moreover, they can only be understood by the heart that writes and the heart that reads. They are the special, intimate language of the two souls concerned. Even if we wished to publish the messages sent from time to time from Constantine to Aneza, we should find the task difficult; for who could translate into a foreign tongue the true meaning of a Greek love letter? The sweet expressions can be translated, but not the effect which they produce on a Greek maiden's heart. So

an artificial flower can be made to deceive the eye, but it has no fragrance. Letters of this nature are poetry, and all poetry is untranslatable. The love letter of a Greek far from the land of his birth is especially affecting, for in it are mingled the longings of passion, with a homesickness so intense as to be incomprehensible to people of other nations. Constantine said always the same things in his letters to Aneza, for the language of love, as every one knows, is made up of sweet repetitions.

“My eyes,” he would write, “but a little while longer, and I shall see your dear face again, and hold you in my arms. Oh, how I am dying to kiss your lips once more! There are two places sacred on earth to me: that place where I kissed you on Easter night, when the knowledge of love first came to me; and the great pine tree in our yard, where you put your arms around my neck and kissed me. I think of you constantly, because everything in nature reminds me of you. The sky here is not so bright as the sky of Greece, and I say to myself, this is because Aneza is not here. The moon and the stars are not so glo-

rious here; and I think nothing is fair where Aneza is not. Oh, how I long for Greece, and everything in Greece: the beautiful heavens and the far-away sea; the light on the hills at sundown; the smell of the orange-blossoms and the song of the nightingale; and more than all these, how I long for Anezaki. You are sweeter than cold water; you are dearer than life; my little bird, my orange.

“And now, my soul, I have one favour to ask of you. Do you remember the pretty childish song you used to sing, sitting beneath the tree in your own little garden? Ah! I remember it well; it begins :

“‘What delight, O, what delight!
You have come, O swallow’—

“Do you sing it yet? If so, think always of me. Say to yourself, Constantine is my swallow; what delight I shall have when he comes. Then will be true springtime for me; then will my heart bloom like the almond tree. A thousand times your own

“CONSTANTINE.”

Let no Englishman or American smile at these terms of endearment; the vocabulary

of affection is more beautiful in Greek than in any other tongue.

Aneza did not find many opportunities of escape from her mother's watchful eye to write to Constantine, but she usually managed to send him a few words, crudely written, it is true, but more welcome to their recipient than the finest rhetoric could have been. "I have no thought but for you," she would say; "I am waiting for you day and night; I send you a thousand kisses." And Constantine put each message with the others, and took them out and read them each night; they were his Bible.

Chapter XVI

And now we are come to the turning-point in Constantine's life; to the one great event which changed his destiny. One morning he received a letter whose envelope was directed in Aneza's handwriting. This was extraordinary, as she invariably gave her messages to her father, who sent them under the same cover with his own letters to the young man.

"Ah, she has written me a letter all by herself," said Constantine, "what happiness"; and he tore open the envelope with eager, trembling hands. He read and did not comprehend. Then he read again, and sank into a chair as though stunned, his face pale as death.

"What's the matter, Constantine?" asked his friend the philosopher, who was in the Greek's room. "Good heavens, man, you look like a corpse. Bad news?"

For answer Constantine held out the letter without speaking.

"But I can't read this," said the philosopher, glancing at the manuscript. "It's written in Greek, and not too plain at that."

"My *nounos* is dead," replied Constantine; and having found his voice, he gave way to a violent fit of sobbing.

"Oh, I say," said the other, putting his arm around him, "don't do that, old man; we'll all stand by you here and help you to bear it. Come now, old fellow, come now. It might have been worse, you know; it might have been Aneza."

"You don't know how I loved him," replied Constantine. "You don't understand."

At last he started to his feet, and grasped his friend's hand.

"Leave me, dear friend," he said. "I want to be alone with my dead." The German gave the extended hand a long pressure, and went from the room on tiptoe. Then Constantine read his letter again, after which he sat with his head in his hands, trying to realize its meaning. This is what it said:

"Oh, my Constantine! how shall I tell you

the dreadful news? Papa is dead. Early this morning mamma woke up and found papa breathing so heavily that she was frightened, and so she got up and lit a candle. She called him and shook him, but he was unconscious. By the time the doctor could get to the house he had died—heart disease, the doctor said. It was all over so quick, and now we are alone—the house is so dreadful without papa in it. Mamma says you must come home, and I want you to come too. I will tell you all about it when you are here. From your heartbroken Aneza.”

“He died without my seeing him,” sobbed Constantine. “My dear old *nounos*, my father. O God, he is even now lying out in the graveyard, and I, who loved him so, was not there to kiss him for the last time, or to follow him to the grave. Oh, *nouné! nouné!* you will never know now how much I loved you, and how hard I have studied to do you honour!”

Chapter XVII

A month after the receipt of Aneza's letter, Constantine pushed open the big iron gate of the garden he knew so well, and walked in. He paused for a moment, and looked eagerly among the trees. Then he hurried down the walk, and peeped through into Aneza's little garden. Love is stronger than sorrow, and for that first moment he was thinking only of his sweetheart. But soon the thought of his *nounos* rose in his mind, and, hanging his head like a guilty person, he walked up to the front door and knocked. Tremblingly he heard the iron bolt slide back, the heavy door opened slowly, and Aneza stood before him in the hall.

"Aneza!" he cried, springing forward to catch her in his arms. But the girl stepped back, and put up her right hand warningly. "Be careful," she said, "mamma may be looking." Constantine had dreamed for two

years of his first meeting with his sweetheart after their long separation. The reality was so different from his dream! He entered the house with a heavier weight on his heart than he had yet felt, and went to pay his respects to the Kuria. He found her dressed in the deepest mourning, which caused her to look even paler and more angular than her wont. She was singularly undemonstrative to his words of condolence and affection, nor did she express any joy at his return. The next morning Constantine proposed to go to his godfather's grave, and asked Aneza to walk there with him. The Kuria spoke up in a hard, unnatural voice, as though she were playing a part, and had just heard her cue.

"You will have no difficulty in finding my husband's grave," she said. "I will tell you where it is. But there is no need that my daughter should accompany you."

So Constantine went alone to the grave of his *nounos*, and shed many bitter tears upon it.

"*Nouné! Nouné!*" he cried, "shall I never see your dear face again? Oh, how lonely I am in the world now! I have neither

father nor mother, and my only friend lies here in the dark grave! There is no one to speak a kind word to me, now that you are dead." But the thought of Aneza again arose in his mind, a radiant image even among the clouds of grief, and his feet bore him almost unconsciously to the spot where he had kissed her on that Easter night. Thence he walked back as in a dream, imagining her with him all the way, till he found himself under the great tree in the garden, where she had thrown her warm arms around him.

His second day at the house passed in growing misery, and in loneliness greater than he had dreamed of. He felt like a stranger in the house. The Kuria did not speak to him, and Aneza dared not. At night he retired early to his chamber, and threw himself without undressing upon the bed. But he could not sleep. For hours he tossed about, tortured by grief, love, and wounded pride. Finally he arose, stole down the stairs and out of the house. A moment later he was standing under the great tree which had been for two years his soul's trysting-spot. The moon was shining

brightly, and in places on the white sanded walk he saw again the shadows of tiny twigs. The persistence of the most unreal and unsubstantial things seemed to mock him. So absorbed was he in thought that he did not hear a light footfall on the gravel. But when two warm arms were thrown about his neck and a soft, palpitating bosom was pressed to his, he did not even start. His dream had been so real, and now, O joy! it was complete. He bent down and kissed the dewy lips upturned in the shadow.

“My soul! My eyes!” he murmured.

Who shall say how long these two lovers stood thus entranced in one another's arms? Love is the only good in life, and the moments of bliss are very brief in a drear eternity.

“But you're weeping, my light,” said Constantine; “my cheek feels that yours is wet. Is it for poor *nounos*? Let us not weep now. This is what he wished, and we have a right to our joy. If he knows, he is rejoicing with us.”

“Oh, Constantine, you don't know,” whispered Aneza, “what a difference poor papa's death has made. I wanted to see you

so bad and tell you about it. I heard you go down the stairs, and I followed you out. But, oh, I am so afraid! Mother hates you, and things are not at all the same now as they were. If you could have only taken your degree and got started! Oh, why did he die so soon and leave us in such trouble?"

And Aneza, burying her head on Constantine's shoulder, sobbed violently. Constantine could feel the soft form trembling in his arms, and his heart was rent by mingled pity at her grief and by a terrible fear awakened by her words.

So immersed were the lovers in their sad thoughts that they did not hear the light tread of the Kuria, who had missed Aneza and stolen out to look for her. She stood in the shadow silently observing the pair.

"I must be going in now," said Aneza, "mother will be missing me."

"Good-night, my beloved," said Constantine; "whatever happens, we love each other. Give me one more kiss before you go. After all, nothing but death can come between us; for am I not Constantine, and are you not Aneza?"

"You shameless hussy!" hissed the Kuria.

"It's mother!" screamed Aneza, and she ran for the house as though at sight of a tigress.

Constantine removed his hat and faced the Kuria. He was pale, and looked very tall and noble in the moonlight. The long pent-up torrent of hatred and maternal jealousy broke forth on him at last.

"So, you viper, this is what you learned over in Germany, is it,—living on my daughter's money? A pretty scheme you've got in your head, haven't you? But you'll find you've a different person to deal with now than you had in my husband. You have been living on the bread of others so long, you great lazy vagabond, that you expect the thing to go on forever, do you? I'll show you different. My daughter shall marry a gentleman, and the quicker you make yourself scarce and go to work, the better."

This was Aneza's mother, and Constantine felt that more than life was at stake.

"What have I ever done to you, mana," he pleaded, "that you should hate me so? I have always been respectful to you. I would

have loved you if you had let me. Besides, you should n't blame me so much. It was my nounos's wish that Aneza and I should marry—"

"Oh, was it indeed! Strange that I never heard anything about it. Well, I 'm Aneza's mother, and it's my wish that Aneza should not marry a beggar and a charity orphan. You have lived long enough on others. It is time now that you went to work."

With that she whirled about and was gone. Each of the cruel words had pierced him like the stabs of a blunt knife. He wandered on and on; as long as darkness lasted he walked, as though trying to flee from his despair.

Chapter XVIII

But hope dies hard in the young. The first grey of dawn found Constantine standing on a little hill, gazing at the leaden distances of sea. A fresh breeze blew out of the east, and cooled his aching brow. The sea, too, is a great inspirer of hope. It is the mother of enterprise. It tells of change and unrest. Its vastness alone lifts us out of our petty groove, and inspires us to larger endeavour. If we are not happy as we are, we think, in presence of the sea, that there is still hope for us in some other world, in some other way. So came into the mind of man that legend of the blessed isles. Ah, let us not always think they are imaginary! Perhaps some who have sailed away have found them—who knows?

“Aneza loves me,” cried Constantine when he saw the sea; “she will wait for me. I’ll get some work to do—something, anything. I’ll study night and day. I will succeed.

The world shall speak so highly of me that mana will be ashamed of herself."

Just then the sun's disk slid above the rim of the horizon, and the sea laughed and blushed a rosy red.

"Yes," shouted Constantine, doubling his fist and shaking it in the air, "I will succeed!"

Chapter XIX

Why follow Constantine's fruitless search for employment? This is a sad story that has been told again and again; a history that has been lived in too many cases. Little by little, as he descended the scale of occupations, he felt his confidence, even his self-esteem, slip away from him, until at last he came to believe that there was no place for him in all the world. The foundations of his education had been laid on a liberal scale, and he had been intended for a large and honourable career, but nothing had been finished. For practical work in his profession he required yet to finish the course in Germany and then to have at least two years' training in a lawyer's office in Athens. He was not, therefore, ready to do anything. He had a little money, from the last allowance given him by Spiridon, but gradually this dwindled away. The only thing that remained to him was the conscious-

ness that Aneza was waiting for him, and that, somehow or other, he must succeed. One day he passed her in the street in company with her mother. She flushed a conscious red, and stole a glance at him from her great dark eyes that cheered him for a week. Finally, when he was about at the end of his resources and nearly in despair, he met Barbandone on the street. The latter had succeeded in his wine business and was prosperous-looking.

"Hail, Constantine!" he cried; "how goes it? When do you return to Germany?"

"Not at all," said Constantine. "There's been a great change since the death of my nouns."

"So! So!" said Barbandone, putting his arm through the younger man's. "Come over to my place and tell me all about it." Constantine soon found himself seated in the ex-sailor's wine-garden. It was a pleasant place, shaded by pine trees. At one end was a small building facing the street. Within, a dozen huge tuns were ranged in a row on the platform—the faucets were even with the drawer's head. People who wished wine when

Barbandone was absent drew the required quantity and left the money on the table. Barbandone never lost anything by this confidence in his fellow-citizens. The Greek is shrewd in business, but he seldom steals.

"How much did the old gentleman leave you?" asked Barbandone.

"Nothing. I did n't expect anything. He did more than enough for me as it was. But the Kuria treats me very cruelly."

"So you don't get on with the Kuria, eh?" asked Barbandone. Constantine said that the Kuria had driven him from the house, and gave an account of his fruitless search for employment. Barbandone crossed himself several times during the recital, and for a long time afterwards sat thinking; occasionally he ejaculated "Boh, boh, boh!"

"My boy," said he finally, "your father and godfather were both friends of mine, and I'd gladly help you if I could, but I can't offer you anything worthy of your foreign education. There's only one thing, if you care to take it. I am opening a new garden and hotel out on the Kephissia road. It will be a beautiful place for picnics, weddings,

parties, and the like. I expect to gain much money by the enterprise. If you care to manage the place, I'll give you sixty drachmas a month and a share in the proceeds. If you do not like the idea, you can make your home with me until you get something better to do."

"I shall never forget your kindness, Barbandone," said the young man. "I'll accept your proposition of a home for the present, for I am come to my last drachma. But I owe it to the memory of my nouns to try and find some place where I can use my education."

Thus began another week of fruitless search, at the end of which Constantine announced that he would accept the position offered.

"I can find time there to study, and prepare for my examinations for the bar," he thought. So Constantine became the manager of a road-house on the Kephissia road; but the bright image of Aneza was a constant inspiration to him, and he robbed himself of half his sleep to study law. When the Kuria

heard where he was, she sniffed contemptuously.

“He has found his level at last,” she said. And Aneza for the first time in her life felt ashamed of Constantine.

Chapter XX

A year passed away, and Constantine began to think of trying the examinations for the bar. His studies in Germany had made him fit for effective work, and he had been spurred on by an enthusiasm that had intensified his faculties. There had been no communication with Aneza in the mean time. Girls are more closely watched in Greece than they are in other countries. Moreover, he made no attempt to see his sweetheart. He would pass his examination brilliantly, and become a full-fledged lawyer, he thought. He had saved enough out of his wages and the business to live for a year, with economy. If he needed more, Barbandone would help him, he knew, for Barbandone had been strangely kind to him. Once established in an honourable profession, no fear for him. He would astonish the city with his skill and eloquence. Nothing should keep him down,

and the very first thing he would do would be to go boldly to Aneza's house and say to the Kuria:

"See, I 'm a lawyer now, and on the high road to success. You can no longer call me a beggar. I love Aneza, and Aneza loves me, and it was the wish of my nouns that we should marry," and if she does not treat me kindly, I 'll tell Aneza in her presence, "Do not be discouraged, my love. But a little while longer and even mana will be proud of me."

And what had been happening to Constantine's sweetheart all this time? That she had not lived a happy life one may be sure. She was sad at heart, and yet forced to assume a gaiety she did not feel. When she sighed, or when tears suffused her beautiful dark eyes, her mother would say sneeringly:

"What 's the matter, Aneza? Are you grieving for your waiter-boy?"

One day, about a year after Constantine's return, a notorious old matchmaker came to the Kuria in great excitement. A splendid *parti* had announced himself as a candidate for Aneza's hand. He had no money, and

was deeply in debt, but he was a "nice young man." He desired to marry immediately, because his debts must be paid and his social position kept up. This latter was so high that he demanded a large *proeka*, and there were few girls in Athens able to aspire to his hand.

"What is his position?" asked the Kuria, much interested.

"He is the son of one of our noblest families, and, although young, is a lieutenant of cavalry. You should see him prancing through the streets on his fine horse, all in his magnificent uniform," replied the matchmaker. "Besides, he is a favourite at Court, and has even dined with the Royal Family. If Aneza marries him she will get invitations to all the Court balls. Perhaps you 'll be invited yourself—who knows? You have all the money you want now, as everybody knows. High social position is only to be obtained through the marriage of your daughter."

The Kuria was greatly impressed, but it was not proper to appear too anxious.

"It will at least do no harm to see the

young man," said she, with dignity. The matchmaker hobbled away much elated. She felt a professional pride in her calling. Also, the consummation of the affair meant a handsome present for herself as soon as the groom should get the dowry safely in his hands. The very next day Lieutenant Christopher Skouzes presented himself for inspection. He was a slender young blade, straight as an arrow, and undeniably handsome. He was clad in a uniform of European design, and his gold-hilted sword clanked impressively on the floor as he walked. Educated in Paris, his manners were irreproachable, and he bore himself towards the Kuria with the most flattering deference.

"If your ladyship favours my suit," said he, with a low bow, his hand over his heart, "I shall be as happy in my mother-in-law as in my wife."

Inquiry proved that the young man's social position was indeed irreproachable, and that he had often been assigned to escort and other show duty by the king. The Kuria made up her mind without delay.

"This," she said, "will save Aneza from

her infatuation for that waiter-boy. Once she is married I shall feel safe, but never till then. Besides, we are rich. Why should n't we unite ourselves with one of the best families?"

"Aneza, I have found a husband for you," said she to the girl, as soon as she had arrived at this determination. "A suitable husband, of high social position. He is even a special favourite of the king. He is, moreover, everything that a girl could wish— young, handsome, and of good disposition."

Aneza made no reply. She so feared her mother's contempt when reference was made to Constantine that she did not even dare to interpose the objections natural to a maiden. She knew that the least word would be greeted with, "Oh, you're still yearning for your hotel-keeper, are you?"

As soon as she found herself alone she sobbed, "O Constantine, Constantine! What would poor papa say if he knew?"

Aneza had not seen Constantine for several months at the time when her mother announced that a suitable husband had been found. The girl could not realize Constan-

tine's difficulties, and her nature was not sufficiently deep to have appreciated his grand struggle, had she known of it. The reader will have perceived long ere this, it is hoped, that the depth of his love was worthy of a far nobler object. Besides, the officer had the advantage. He was allowed to see Aneza every day, contrary to the Greek custom, for the Kuria had an object in view. All his surroundings and appointments were honourable, showy, and romantic. Constantine was absent, in a position menial, and, according to Aneza's unhealthy views, disgraceful. It must be remembered that the Kuria was Aneza's only living parent, and that, in Greece, the will of a parent is almost a supreme law in the matter of marriage. So Constantine's sweetheart yielded to circumstances and to her mother's stronger will, and consented to become the officer's bride. After once having made up her mind, she soon began to think proudly of her betrothed, and to regard with pleasure the prospect of her early union with so gallant a cavalier, even if she occasionally let fall a tear and sighed:

"Oh, my Constantine, how unhappy we

are!" She regarded the emotion with satisfaction, as doing credit to her heart. She even imagined herself as the sufferer, and at times felt sorry for herself.

The betrothal was accomplished without delay, and some of the groom's irreproachable friends and relatives were present on the occasion, to the Kuria's unspeakable delight. She imagined herself, for the time being, as good as at the palace itself.

Chapter XXI

The news of the betrothal came to Constantine on the very day before his intended examination. He was sitting at the desk in the café of the inn, with a law book on his knee. Two guests came in, and took seats at a table. One of them tapped sharply on the floor with the point of his sword. Constantine looked up. They were cavalry officers, and their horses were being held outside by a mounted orderly. Constantine observed all this at a glance, and then went on with his reading; for one of his two waiters had just hurried in from the garden to take the orders. Suddenly, out of the confused murmur of conversation, of which Constantine was scarcely conscious in his absorption, there came a name that he would have heard had it been whispered.

From the indistinct flow of talk one word sounded out clear as a bell, and sent all the

blood in his body rushing back upon his heart: that word was "Aneza." Constantine looked up, pale as death, his every faculty on the alert now.

"They say she's uselessly rich," said one of the officers.

"She can't be too rich for Christo," said the other; "he'll make her parades fly fast enough."

"He'll eat them."

"There's a boy for you! Do you remember the time that he feigned insanity to escape his creditors?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What'll he do with Josie?"

"Oh, he'll give her a slice of the *proeka* to keep her quiet. Never fear for Christo; he's a smooth lad."

"Ah, she's a stunner," said the elder, raising his eyes to the ceiling and smacking his lips appreciatively.

"Here, boy, where are you? Two little wines. Here's to Josie."

"I'm with you," said the other, raising his glass, "and—what's her name? Josie and Aneza, though I'll warrant Josie's the finer

woman of the two. Ah, if our mistresses only had *proeka!* This matrimony 's a bore."

Constantine rose, and his law book slid to the floor. He came from behind the desk and walked up to the two officers; he was trembling, and his lips were white.

"May I ask you," he inquired, "to what Aneza you refer?"

The officers set down their half-emptied glasses and stared at him in amazement.

"Well, this is too good," said one.

"The impudence of the fellow," said the other.

"I asked you a civil question," persisted Constantine, "and I propose to be answered."

"Off with you," said the younger officer, "or I'll call in my groom to kick you."

Constantine struck him in the face. The officer sprang to his feet with an oath, and drew his sword. But before he had an opportunity to use it Constantine snatched the older man's weapon from its sheath, and attacked him with great fury. The civilian's training aided him in his blind rage. Ere the officer realized that he had met a formidable antagonist, he received a wound in the sword-arm,

and felt his weapon fly from his hand. Then Constantine drove both of them pell-mell from the room; but he did not pursue his advantage. On the contrary, he dropped the sword to earth, and started on a run for Athens.

"After him, quick," cried the younger officer; "cut him down; don't you see my arm's disabled?"

"Better say nothing about it," replied his comrade; "the other fellows would laugh at us. Here, take off your coat and I'll bind up your arm with my handkerchief."

"He's a devil," said the wounded man; "a crazy devil"; and they picked up their weapons, mounted their steeds, and rode away.

Chapter XXII

Twenty minutes later Constantine rushed into Barbandone's place in town. He was hatless and dusty, and looked wild as to his eyes.

"Tell me," he cried, catching Barbandone by the shoulder, "tell me, is it she?"

"Saints preserve us!" exclaimed the wine dealer, "has the boy gone mad?"

Constantine shook him fiercely.

"Answer me, answer me," he implored.

Barbandone led him to a seat and pushed him gently into it.

"Now, tell me what you have on your mind," he said. "Poor boy, I fear you have been studying too hard."

"It's about Aneza," explained Constantine; "tell me, is she to be married?"

"Why, of course," replied Barbandone, innocently. "Didn't you know—to Christopher Skouzes. Christo, the beautiful, they call him. He's a lieu—"

But Constantine was gone.

"Phew!" said Barbandone, looking after the retreating form; and for a long time he sat thinking.

Constantine hurried to his former home and knocked furiously on the door. Some one ran down the hall and slid the bolt. He pushed the door open rudely and almost fell inside. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the cook. Constantine heard voices upstairs. He bounded up, and in the reception-room he found her in company with her mother. On the table lay a bridal dress and veil, and other unaccustomed finery was scattered about upon chairs. Aneza had tied a pink scarf about her head, and her eyes were bright with unwonted excitement. She was maddeningly beautiful. She gave a little scream when she saw Constantine. She noticed at a glance that he had grown thin.

"Aneza," he cried, "I've come to save you. They shall not make you marry any one but me. I've studied day and night, and now I'm ready to become a lawyer. Don't be afraid of them, Aneza; they can't make you marry against your will."

"Now, what's he talking about," broke in the Kuria's strident voice,—“about marrying against one's will? And who are 'they,' anyway? My daughter, sir, is marrying the man of her choice—a man of her own social position. And you'll kindly leave the house at once, or I shall call in the police. We have ordered the wine of your master, so there is no need of your coming here.”

Constantine paid no heed to the taunt. He turned to Aneza.

“I'll not believe what she says. She was always hard and cruel, and always hated me. Let me know from your own lips. Do you love this other man? You know it was your father's dearest wish that we should marry. If you should marry any one else, you would be opposing the wishes of the dead. You said you loved me so often. Was it not true?”

Aneza stood trembling, with eyes cast down.

“You do not speak. Don't be afraid, Aneza. I've loved you every minute. I've suffered humiliation for you. Every day I've lived a year for you. Never for a moment

have I doubted you. And this other man— You must see the difference between his love and mine. My love for you is all-powerful. It will make me a great man with you. Without you, it will kill me.”

“Speak to this idiot, Aneza, and send him about his business. Tell him that you are to be married to-morrow to the man you love.”

“Say it is not so,” cried Constantine, “say it is not so! Or if it is, let me hear it from your own mouth. Yes,” he continued, suddenly lowering his voice, and speaking with forced calmness, “if you love this man, say so, and I’ll go away forever. Do you love him, Aneza?”

Aneza, without looking up, shrugged her shoulders and murmured, “What can I do?”

Constantine turned quickly and walked from the room. His boots sounded heavy on the stairs as he went down.

“Glory to God, that’s over!” sighed the Kuria, piously.

“Oh, mana, was n’t it dreadful,” said Aneza, shivering; “I did n’t think he would feel so bad.”

“He wants your money,” explained her mother. “When one has plotted all his life for a fortune, it is pretty hard to see it slip out of his clutches all at once.”

Chapter XXIII

Barbandone was sitting in his garden when Constantine hurried past.

"Constantine," he called; "Constantine!" No answer. He sprang to his feet, ran into the road, and seized the young man by the arm. "Where are you going so fast, my brother?"

"What?"

"Where are you going so fast?"

"Oh, yes; where am I going so fast?"

"That is what I asked you," said Barbandone; "and where is your hat? You look like a wild man."

"Like a wild man," repeated Constantine, putting his hand mechanically to his head. Barbandone gazed at him for a moment sorrowfully, then put his own hat on Constantine's head. The act of kindness brought back the young man's wandering senses.

"Thank you, Barbandone," said he; "I

want to be alone. O God! O God!" And he hurried away.

Barbandone went slowly back to the garden, shaking his head and crossing himself.

"That oath," he muttered, "that terrible oath."

Constantine wandered far from the city again that night, up the side of Mount Hymettus. True to the instincts of the Greek, he sought consolation in solitude, and in communion with Nature. He thought over all his past life—the kindness of his godfather, his studies in Germany. The moon and the stars helped him, as they had helped his ancestors thousands of years before. They were so calm, they soothed him; they were so great, they strengthened him. The sea air also blew upon his brow and cooled the fever. When morning came again, he had resolved to live up to his godfather's memory, and to be a great man without Aneza. He thought also of his own father, lying there in his lonely grave in the Isle of Andros, and determined to make a brave fight for the honour of his own name and family.

"I will stay out here in the wilderness," he said, "with the mountains and the stars till she is married; then I will go back and begin again. They shall all see their mistake. They shall be sorry for this."

But when he would feel strongest, when he would set his teeth and throw out his chest, the thought of Aneza would force itself upon him, and he would see again her dark, oval face and glorious eyes, and he would even seem to feel her ripe lips warm upon his own; then he would fall as one stricken down, with his face in the dust, and moan.

All that day he passed without food and drink.

"Now they are being married," he would say; "now they are putting the orange wreath about her brow—my love, my little love! Now they are dancing with the groom, and I am not he. Now the maidens are making merry with her, and she does not blush for me. Oh, God, let me die!"

When the bridal night came, he thought of his love in the arms of another, and his sufferings seemed greater than he could bear. The preceding night he had prayed, now he

cursed. Again the better man within him rose, and again he remembered his great resolve.

When Barbandone came into his garden early in the morning, he found Constantine sitting under a tree. He was bending over a table, his face in his hands. Barbandone shook him softly and he looked up. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes blood-shot. He shivered as with a chill. The wine dealer said not a word, but hurrying inside, soon appeared with a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit. These he gave to Constantine, who ate and drank; after which he took the young man, led him into a bedroom above the wine-store, and locked the door. Then he began to talk very fast, fearing that if he paused, the memory of that dreadful oath would weaken his resolve. The whole story of the cistern, the ten thousand drachmas, the oath, was told.

"I would have had nothing to do with the affair," added Barbandone, "but I was crazy with love for my Sophia, and I saw no other way to win her. It was not the ten thousand drachmas he was offering me, you see, but

Sophia. And I took a paper out of the cistern which shows plainly who all that money belonged to. I could not read at the time, but I have learned letters since, and I've made out the most of it. I would have shown you this at first, but I did n't know what it was. Then by the time I had learned to read, my Yannaki came, and afterwards the little girl, and I was afraid the terrible curse would fall upon my children. But I said in the oath, 'provided I'm not committing any crime.' I don't fear the curse so much now, for I'm sure we were committing a crime against you."

Constantine's eyes had been wandering around the room at first. Now he stared at Barbandone like one in a trance. The latter opened an old leather trunk in the corner of the room, and took therefrom a yellow paper, which had fallen nearly in two at one of its folds. He opened this, and smoothed it out with much respect on the bed by the side of Constantine.

"Read," said the wine dealer, tracing the lines with his fat finger. Constantine read mechanically, like a child reciting a lesson.

Now, if this were a romance instead of a record of events, we should give word for word the contents of the paper, and should accompany the ostensible translation by a copy of the original document in Greek. By such devices as these romances are often rendered more specious than reality itself. The truth of the matter is, however, that Constantine carried the paper away with him, as we shall shortly see, and no doubt lost it, for Barbandone never saw it again.

We must therefore trust to the wine merchant's memory, according to which the paper contained a brief history of various extremely profitable voyages in a brig called the *Adia*, eighteen thousand kilos burthen. In the year 1802, for example, a cargo of wheat had been taken through the English blockade of the Spanish coast, and sold at an enormous price inhabitants of a besieged city. The writer to the explained that, owing to the great amoun of Spanish silver dollars taken in at the time, he did not stop to count them, but divided them according to fezfuls—one fezful to each of the crew, three fezfuls to himself,

and so on till each man had his share (so Barbandone says). There was also a brief account of a fight with a pirate ship off the coast of Morocco, followed by the capture and destruction of the pirates. Constantine's grandfather took possession of the chief's sword with a jewelled hilt, and much other rich booty fell to his share, including strings of pearls, diamonds, etc. Fearing confiscation by the Turkish authorities, he buried this booty with great secrecy in his cistern at Poros. It amounted to about five hundred thousand drachmas, the money being mostly in gold *dovpia* (doubloons) and silver *colonata* (Spanish dollars with two columns).

Among other things taken from the pirate, evidently stolen from some church, were four immense candlesticks. Three of these the Poriot captain had melted into bars, and the other he had set up in the church of the Virgin at Tenos, to whose assistance he attributed his success in the battle. Barbandone remembered distinctly that the paper ended with the following words:

“In case of my death this property belongs to my son Loukas, whom I have instructed to

leave it untouched until such time as he can remove it safely and enjoy it without fear. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen. CARILAOS DIEMEZES."

Constantine read through to the end, as though he did not hear, sighed deeply, and sat for several minutes staring vacantly. At last he started violently, snatched the curious document, and read the last part of it again. Then he sprang to his feet, and shouted, "'This property belongs to my son Loukas'! If it belonged to my father, it belonged to me. Oh, why did n't I know of this before? Too late, too late!" He fell into a chair and rocked to and fro, moaning, "Too late, too late!"

"Come, come," said Barbandone, "just give this to a lawyer, and he'll see that you have your rights; you'll be revenged on the lot of them."

"I don't want revenge; I want Aneza. Too late, too late!"

Barbandone went to the young man's side, and in his rough way tried to soothe him, but all in vain. From that moment Constantine's excitement increased. Finally he burst out laughing. "That was funny, was n't

it, Barbandone?" he cried; "You knowing I was so rich, and all the world thinking me poor."

Barbandone crossed himself, and tears came into his eyes.

"A fine joke indeed; yes, curse you!" shouted Constantine, springing to his feet, his lips turning white. "You have robbed me of my love, of my love, and I will choke your life out of you!" Ere Barbandone could utter an exclamation of surprise, he felt himself seized by the throat and hurled against the wall.

"Holy Mother!" gasped Barbandone.

The violent physical exertion for the moment called back the unfortunate young man's wandering senses.

"Forgive me, Barbandone," he said; "my brain is on fire. So my nunos was a thief and a swindler, was he? My dear old nunos; O God!"

"Come, come," pleaded Barbandone; "we must n't be too hard on him; blood is thicker than water, you know."

Constantine's eye caught the paper on the floor, where it had fallen. He picked it up.

"Too late, too late!" he screamed, rushing from the room.

Barbandone followed, calling vainly. The young man strode on, talking to himself. He paused with clenched fists, then he hurried forward again. When Barbandone finally overtook him he was horrified to hear that Constantine was blaspheming in the most impious manner. He was calling down curses in turn upon the Kuria, Aneza, and her husband, and upon Spiridon's soul. Barbandone walked by his side, trying to reason with him.

"Constantine, Constantine, don't you hear me, your old friend Barbandone? Come, come; don't go on like this. Come back to the house with me, there's a good boy, and let's talk it over."

At last, partly leading him and partly by entreaty, he took Constantine back to the house, and induced him to go upstairs and lie down on the bed. Barbandone came downstairs, crossing himself repeatedly.

He was met at the lower door by a woman with an oily complexion and a huge stomach, who walked with a waddle.

"What is it, my love?" said she.

"Poor Constantine," replied Barbandone, "he is gone mad because Aneza is married to another. How sad it must be to lose one we love!"

The woman with an oily complexion and a huge stomach had once been Sophia Vlakos, the irresistible.

"Poor fellow, we must give him a good dinner and try to cheer him up."

Barbandone was busy with customers for the next hour or so, and the good-hearted Sophia was occupied in preparing a tempting meal for Constantine. Being an Andriote, she was a famous cook, and believed that a good dinner was a cure for all ills. When she went up to call Constantine the room was empty. From that time on he disappeared from the eyes of those who knew him in Athens. Friends, in that sense of the term which implies deep enough interest to expend money and time in searching for him, he had not; mother and father he had never known. Barbandone had wished to befriend him, but experienced a feeling of relief when he did not return. He felt guilty because of the

part he had taken, and Constantine's presence was a continual reproach to him.

To those who inquired, Kuria Leonidas explained that the young man had aspired to the hand of Aneza, and had left the country through chagrin. To which her gossip friends replied, "Poh, poh, poh!" with an inflection which made the expression correspond in meaning to our "The very idea!"

Chapter XXIV

About two years after Constantine's disappearance, a small party of ladies and gentlemen were passing along an unfrequented road in Bœotia. That they were people much out of the ordinary in that region was evident from their appearance. They were, in the first place, mounted upon horses of great beauty and spirit — a thing itself sufficient to attract attention in a land of donkeys. In the second place, although the men wore fustanellas, these were spotlessly clean, and the garments of the entire party were of rich material. There was something in the bearing of these people, too, which would have impressed an observer used to the ways of the world with the idea that these were persons of rank; and he would not have been mistaken, for at the head of the procession rode two of the most interesting characters in modern history, a man and

a woman. The former, like his male companions, wore the well-known fustanella. The latter was also in Greek costume, and a jaunty red fez with a long tassel adorned her head. She was a young matron with a well-developed figure; her face was beautiful, and yet so good that the one who looked forgot the beauty and thought only of the goodness. Her complexion was florid, and the fairness of her skin betrayed the fact that she was not of Southern blood. The man who rode by her side sat very erect upon his horse. He was something over forty, with broad shoulders and a manly chest; his abundant hair was chestnut in colour, and his moustache of a reddish brown; he was otherwise clean-shaven, and his fair cheeks were thin and somewhat colourless.

When he spoke, his words were received with the greatest deference, and his slightest suggestion was considered a command. But he seldom spoke in terms of authority. His voice was, on the contrary, pleasantly modulated. His eyes were kindly, and their restless glances reminded one of the shifting sunshine sometimes reflected from moving water.

“I will never believe,” he was saying to his companion, “that the history of Greece lies all in the past. Centuries of barbarism and oppression have swept the toilers and flocks from these plains, have destroyed the ancient cities, but the Greek nation still lives. Greeks have had their tongues cut out as punishment for speaking their language, but that language has come to us out of the remotest antiquity—the only one of the ancient tongues that still exists in a distinctive form. The flower of the Hellenic youth has been snatched away and educated at the Moslem court, yet the spirit of liberty has never died in Greece. Hordes of barbarians have overrun the country; the young men have been butchered, and the maidens carried away to harems, yet the strain of Greek blood has never run dry. And now this people has a glorious future, because it has a glorious mission; in all the years of oppression it represented Christianity and progress, while its oppressors stood for barbarism and vice. The Greek civilisation to-day is the hope of the East. If I can do anything to restore the ancient splendour, I

shall be happier than the greatest monarch on earth."

As he warmed with his subject, the speaker's eyes brightened, his gestures became nervous, his whole air excited. There are those who say that he was an enthusiast and a dreamer. There are others who claim he was rich in theory, but impatient and premature in practice. It is not safe to speak ill of him to-day in the country districts of Greece.

The reverie which followed the above outburst of enthusiasm continued for several moments, and was interrupted at last by his companion's sweet and sympathetic, "God is with us, my love, and when He is with us, who shall be against us?" It was evident by the way in which she looked at him, that one person at least believed in him with all her heart.

As the cavalcade proceeded, one of the riders announced that he heard music. None of the others had heard it, but soon after, the sound of a tune, shrill and monotonous, came faintly to the ears of all.

"It is the shepherd's pipe," said one.

"A rural wedding, probably," said another.

"Lieutenant!" called the enthusiast.

A young officer rode up and, sweeping his hat from his head, bent low over the saddle-bow.

"We would see this wedding — if wedding it be — and not interrupt it. I do not wish to be known. Some of you ride on ahead."

The bow was repeated and the hat replaced, after which the speaker and his fair companion were quickly surrounded by the rest of the company.

The music became shriller and shriller, and ere long the cavalcade, turning around the side of a steep hill, at whose foot they were riding, came upon a strange spectacle. About twenty shepherds in a straggling line were dancing along the road. They were dressed in white woollen jackets, white leggings, and scanty fustanellas of the same colour. At their head pranced two of their number with fantastic steps, playing the same double pipes that cost Marsyas his skin. One of the shepherds wore a green wreath upon his head. About twenty huts, of boughs, roofed with

skins, were scattered along a gentle slope at varying distances from each other. Several huge kettles for the boiling of milk sat upon the ground, and on a level place a corral had been constructed for confining the sheep at night. At sight of so many strangers the music ceased, and the shepherds huddled together as though in fear.

“Hail, Christian brothers!” cried the lieutenant, lifting his hat. “We are good Greeks, like yourselves, from Athens. We are come in time to see a merry gathering, and ask leave to join you, and to drink the health of the bride and groom, if this be a wedding.”

One of the boldest stepped out from among the shepherds, and commenced a series of questions of the most personal and searching nature, inspired partly by caution and partly by bucolic curiosity. Satisfactory answers were given: “The strangers were a company of Athenians escorting a very rich effendi and his wife, who were travelling to Thebes on pleasure,” etc. Before the questioning was finished an immense number of children, for so small a village, came running from one

of the most distant of the huts, and gathered about in a semi-circle. The Athenians were finally warmly invited to dismount. The ladies were directed to the hut from which the children had come, and about which was collected a throng of girls and women. There they were told they would find the new-made bride receiving the congratulations of her friends. They set off in that direction, therefore, and as they proved the greater attraction, they were followed by the entire pack of youngsters—the latter silent and breathless with wonder. The men joined the shepherds, the pipes of Pan again tuned up, and the procession was resumed to the hut of the koumbaros, where a special goatskin of wine was awaiting the occasion. Here all formed in line, hand in hand; the pipes continued and dancing began. One after another of the shepherds headed the line, leading it continually around in a circle. Each new leader strove to surpass his predecessors in liveliness, grace, or difficulty of steps. They lifted high their feet, they leaped in the air, they whirled around, diving their heads under the linked hands. Shriller

and shriller sounded the primitive flutes. The players puffed out their cheeks; they bent low and rose erect again, shaking their heads to the shrill quavering of the monotonous melody; their fingers squirmed upon the slim reeds like serpents. The strangers joined the dance, and showed themselves true Greeks, adding to the good-fellowship. Not one of them but could lift the gourd of wine to his lips and drain it off without missing a step. "Zeto! Zeto!" cried the shepherds again and again.

After more than half an hour had been consumed in this innocent merriment, a gawky boy announced that the feast was ready. Hereupon the koumbaros begged the rich effendi and his companions to honour the spread with their presence. The procession was again formed, and marched or danced to the hut where the bride's party was assembled. There the Athenian ladies were found comfortably seated under a huge pine tree, talking with the shepherd-women concerning their life and their curious superstitions and customs. Near by, two lambs were roasting on wooden spits, over a fire of fragrant wood.

As the party of the bridegroom approached, the bride, with all her friends, came forth. Some seated themselves on skins, others remained standing. The two lambs were lifted from the fire and set upright on the spits against a tree. The koumbaros carved, and pieces of the delicate meat were distributed.

The bride's father had done the roasting, for his skill at preparing lambs *à la palikari* was known for miles around. Four and one half hours he devoted to the operation, and when he cried "ready" in a loud voice, one had need to lift the spit carefully from the fire or the flesh would drop from the bones. Pieces of delicious Pheta cheese were also passed around, as well as wine in abundance, honey, hard-boiled eggs, and black bread. Hearty food, perhaps; but does not the Greek proverb truly say, "Hunger is the best cook"?

Many were the toasts drunk to the bridegroom and bride, a pretty maiden of thirteen years. Frequently a matron would lift her cup to some damsel and say, "Here's to yours," meaning, "May you, too, be married

soon." Then the girl would blush, and all the company would laugh, except some young man, who would blush too.

While the festivities were in progress, a tall youth strode into the midst, leading a donkey by the bridle, and carrying in his hands two shepherd's crooks — the one his own, the other the staff of a very old man seated on the animal's back. The rider was a queer figure. His face was wrinkled like the sea, and his bird-like hands trembled visibly, though clasped in front of him. He wore a great cloak of white wool, whose peaked hood was drawn up over his head.

"Behold," shouted the younger of the newcomers, triumphantly, "here is old Grandfather Stamados. I have brought him all the way from Thebes."

"What luck! what luck!" cried a dozen voices. The patriarch was lifted tenderly from his donkey, and placed on a pile of soft skins. There he was plied with wine and the daintiest morsels of the feast. No one asked why he was treated with so great consideration, nor why such trouble had been taken to bring him. Does not every one know that

the presence of an old man at a wedding feast assures to the newly wed couple years equal to his?

The wife of the rich effendi from Athens fed Grandfather Stamados with her own white hands, and herself held the winecup to his withered lips.

"How old are you, Grandfather Stamados?" she asked sweetly; but he did not know.

"Ninety," volunteered several of the shepherd-women.

"More, more!" shouted others. "A hundred at least."

"Bravo, bravo, Grandfather Stamados!" said the great lady, patting him gently on the shoulder.

But the young man from Thebes had in the mean time been whispering to the koumbaros. The koumbaros had whispered to another, and soon a strange story had spread among the simple shepherds and their families. The merriment ceased; all who were sitting rose to their feet, and those who were wearing hats took them off. Every eye was fixed in curiosity, and yet in great respect, upon the effendi and his wife.

"What is this?" asked the former of one of his attendants.

"This shepherd comes from Thebes," was the reply, "and he says that the king is expected there. They believe that he is with us."

"Zeto! Zeto!" broke from every rustic throat. "Long live the people's friend; long live the people's king!"

"My children," said Otho, rising—for it was indeed he—"I beg of you to treat me as your guest. I cannot tell you how I and Queen Amalie have enjoyed your society. May you always be as happy as I have found you to-day, and as happy as you have made us. For this palikari and his beautiful bride I wish a hundred years of health and peace. May they come down to an honourable old age, surrounded by fair daughters and strong sons. Kuria," turning to the bride, "I drink to your health."

He spoke in perfect modern Greek, and was understood by all. None were able to answer at length, but all shouted, "Long live the king!" with unmistakable earnestness, and not a few eyes were filled with tears.

"Who says 'Long live the king'?" demanded a loud voice, and a tall man rushed in among the rustics. "What king? I am the king of this country."

"It's the crazy man!" screamed several throats, and the shepherd-women shrank back in fright. The new-comer's face was covered with hair, like an animal's, and his fustanellas were torn and filthy. His locks curled about his hatless head, and hung down like a woman's over his shoulders.

"Let me go, let me go!" he cried, struggling desperately in the hands of several shepherds who were attempting to hold him. "How dare you lay hands on the king! I will roast you one by one in my copper bull. I'll order you thrown from the Leucadian Rock. I'll send you to Crete, and tell my brother Minos to feed you to the Minotaur."

"Here's a queer mixture of rags and classics," observed Otho, in German, to the young lieutenant. "He speaks good Greek too."

"Poor man, poor man!" said Queen Amalie, also in German.

What was their surprise when the crazy man,

whose unnaturally sharp ears had caught the last remark, ceased his struggles, and addressed himself to the King in the latter's native tongue.

"Being a king yourself, you must know what I am by instinct. I come to the wedding feast like Homer's father. I am a king in tatters — a king in rags. All night and all day I wander over my dominions. I sleep with the stars. Are you ever cold — very cold, and sometimes hungry? "

Otho and his queen were greatly affected to hear their native language spoken so perfectly, and under such circumstances. Here was evidently a bright and well-stored mind in ruins. The royal couple questioned the shepherds concerning the unfortunate man's history, but learned nothing that would throw any light on his family or antecedents. About two years ago he had come to a shepherd-boy and said, "Water! Water!" many times. The boy was frightened, but gave the water. The crazy man then went away, mumbling to himself, but had appeared from time to time to solitary shepherds and at the villages. He was always given food and

water. Strange to say, the dogs did not attack him. At first he had said nothing except "Bread! Bread!" or "Water! Water!" But of late the notion that he was a king had come into his head, and he had been very talkative. Often for days he would talk in a foreign language, and at other times he used a kind of Greek unfamiliar to his hearers, and of which they understood only now and then a word.

Queen Amalie was moved to tears.

"He must be taken care of," said Otho, decisively. "It is a shame that he should hunger and be exposed to the elements. Perhaps with quiet and kind treatment his reason will return. I will send him to some monastery, where the monks can care for him, and I will also have a physician examine him."

"Your Majesty's kind heart will ever speak in kind deeds," said the queen. "Why not send him to the beautiful monastery of Poros? The monks there are celebrated for their goodness. It is the loveliest spot on the earth. Perhaps the trickling of the water, the grand view of the sea, and the grand quiet of the mountain woods will help to heal his troubled

mind. We go there so often, we shall be able to see him. I am much interested in the poor man."

The king patted her lovingly on the cheek.

"You are always interested in the unfortunate," said he. "To Poros he shall go."

Chapter XXV

Twenty years after King Otho's adventure with the crazy man, a party of Athenians were enjoying a picnic by the spring which supplies the Poros Monastery with water. They had spread their table on a platform of rock that juts out from the side of the mountain. This platform is shaded by a large oak tree, and the hill above is covered thick with fragrant pines.

The spring gushes out from the side of the mountain, and runs away in a tiny stream that tinkles like a bell. Its water is clear as air, and is believed by the Poriotas to possess almost miraculous properties.

The Athenians had come to roast a lamb, to sing and dance, and to deck their heads with greenery and floral wreaths; for it was the first of May. The younger members of the party were wandering below in the monks' olive grove, or above among the pines. A

fat and rather coarse-looking matron, forty years of age or more, sat holding a child, and gazing pensively at the sea. The mother had magnificent dark eyes. A little girl-servant was arranging the lunch, and an old woman with a shrill voice was scolding her. A sword lay across one end of the table, and the owner of the weapon, a cavalry officer in undress uniform, was turning the lamb, and replying as wittily as he could to the badinage of two friends who stood near. Occasionally one of the party would break into song, and all three would execute a few steps of a Greek dance.

Meanwhile a man came slowly down the path from the monastery, mumbling to himself. He was on his way to the spring to get water, and carried an earthen jug upon his back. At the same time the matron's babe became restless. To quiet it, she rocked the little thing to and fro in her arms and sang to it a song of childhood, beginning:

“What delight, O, what delight,
Since you come, O swallow.”

The man had mounted to the platform of rock—had passed half across it on his way to the spring. Suddenly he stopped, and ceased

his mumbling. A moment thus he stood motionless, listening. Then the water-jug dropped to the earth with a crash, and he advanced to where the matron sat, his arms extended, his eyes shining with intelligence.

"Am I not Constantine," he said, in the old voice, "and are you not Aneza?"

The matron uttered a series of piercing screams, and fainted away. She was soon surrounded by her friends, who carried the insensible form into the church.

"Poor thing," they said, "she was frightened by the crazy man, and he quite harmless too."

Constantine dropped his hands slowly to his sides, and turned back towards the monastery. When he came to the fragments of the broken jug, he stood looking at them for a long time, shaking his head.

Aneza never went to Poros again.

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CONSTANTINE
BY
GEORGE HORTON



CHICAGO
MDCCCXCVII